

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ROYAL GREENS:

SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER XIII



N the starry flag of a great and glorious confederacy, the American eagle had not then perched, in the free pride of his strength; but, figuratively speaking, that bird of liberty seemed watching, from some high cliff of justice, the sangui-nary struggle, and pluming his strong of the standard borne of the

and daring wings to fly to the standard borne aloft in the name of Freedom.

Could the brave men of whom we discoursed in the last chapter, have looked through the deep mantle of darkness that then obscured the horizon of liberty, and seen the future glory and strength of the land for which they were battling, methinks their gallant soils would have swelled with joy and pride, which not all their rough, earnest eloquence could express.

It was now proposed by the sturdy sout, that one of their number should cautiously approach the spot where Vanalstine, and those who had been so unwise as to heed his counsel, were camping. No one being more competent to perform that service than Danbara, he immediately left the ravine with that object in view. He was absent longer than Montour had expected, and feeling anxious on his account, he followed in the same direction. It was not long before he reached the spot, for the fire served as an unsistackable baccour to guide his steps.

Standing upon a rock, his person partially covered by the intervening trees and busbes and the smoke which the wind blew toward him, he was able to see without being himself seen by the dupes of tory cunning; who were disposed in various ways, with the intention of passing a quiet and comfortable night. They had spread their blanktes around the fire, and most of those carcless and simple ones were lying upon them; while a few appeared to be already asleep, and about an equal number sat talking, smoking or dozing.

Roland looked about for Vanalstine, and final Roland looked about for Vanalstine, and final-ly discovered him on that side nearest where he (Montour) was standing and farthest from the fire. Presently the low marmar of voices ceas-ed, and the poor fellows, tired out with the fatigues of the night, sunk to sleep with searcely an exception. Turdence would have suggested a watch, but her voice was not heard, or if heard was unheeded. Among those who gave signs of being wakeful, were Vanalstine and the person with whom he had talked so freely on the march concerning the impolicy of the measure. These individuals were still near neighbors, and occa-sionally Montour thought they whispered to each other.

sonainy Monitour inought they Wanapered to cach other.

The dull wings of sleep had not long fluttered over the encampment, when Vanalatine raised himself to his elbow, yawned as if just arousing from sleep, and arose quite to his feet. Gazing at the slumbering ones an instant, he touched his friend with the butt of his musker, when he also got up; then the two walked softly from the scene, and dimost in a direct line for the spot where Roland was standing. To remain perfectly monitouless was the best way of escaping discovery, and so he kept his position like a statue.

This expedient proved successful, and the traitors passed within three yards of him—thanks to the dense clouds of smoke and the sheltering foliage!

oliage!
When they had proceeded so far beyond his sidding-place that their figures could with difficulty be discerned gliding spectre-like along amid he trees, Montour thought it his duty to follow hem and attempt to unmask their purpose. He and gone not far when he saw the Delaware, manifestly engaged in a similar pursuit. He was on the point of speaking to him, when he was

spared that trouble, the Lenape being already

spared that trouble, the Lenape being already conscious of his propinquity, as he speedily signified by a significant gesture, then pausing until Roland joined him.

"What did I tell my brother not many hours ago? Did I not say that their hearts were with the Iroquois, and their faces set against their brethren? Now you may cast your eyes yonder and see them creeping like alimy serpents towards the sworn focs of Wyoming," said Castanego.

astanego.
"Let us hurry after them quickly!" returned

Montour

"And why should we follow the lying dogs ?"

"To discover their object!" Roland answerd.

"That is known already. If we go after them, it must be to strike them from existence," replied the Delaware.

"Come on—come on, or we shall be too late!" said another voice, and thereupon the tall form of Dunbar was seen walking swiftly on the track of the traitors.

"Tis very good!" exclaimed Castaneon.

"Tis very good!" exclaimed Castaneon.

or Dunoar was seen warang warny on the track of the trailrons.

"The very good!" exclaimed Castanego.

"The days of the hollow hearts are counted by the Great Spirit."

Not much exertion or time was required by the parties to gain sight of the deserters again. They were following the bendings of the river, often stopping to listen, and scan, as far as they were able, the surface of the water, which now sparkled mildly and pleasantly in the moon-light. They were expecting momentarily to see the floilla of the royalists and the Iroquois league.

the floutia of the royausia has no account league.

"There's evidently an understandin' atween 'em," said Danbar. "It's plain enough to see that they're expectin' somethin' or somehody."

"Of their intentions there is not room for the shadow of a doubt," replied Montour.

"Then our duty is plain, and we can't pretend to misunderstand it," added the scott.

"I don't know that I exactly comprehend," resumed the votage man.

"I don't know that I exactly comprehend," resumed the young man.
"If you do not, here is one at my side as does most perfectly, as I may say."
The Delaware made a motion toward his gun, and smiled grimly.
"It may be needful," said Montour.
"Them as we have left behind requires it. Think of the pretty maidens in the valley, and the old men and young children, and then ask your heart If it is necessary that the betrayers of their lives should suffer!" added the socut, with rough but honest zeal.
"I recall to mind the fair face of Hester Hammond," said Roland.
"And do rou forget the sweet features of

"I recall to mind the fair face of Hester Ham-mond," said Roland.

"And do you forget the sweet features of Ellen Devron?"

Something like a blush passed over the visage

Ellen Devron 1"
Something like a blush passed over the visage of Montour, and he was silent.
"There is Elvira Hudson, too—a sprightly and comely cretur, and I might name a score of others equally claiming our pity. Now what is our duty as men—as men made stronger than these frail and pretty ones, by natur 3"
"To defend them, to the death."
"I knew you would say so. Humanity and common deceney, as 'twere, demands it of us. And possibly I may say without boastin', that we have tried to protect the people of the valley one and all. Have we not been wakeful when others slept? Have we not dared when others slept? Have we not dared when others slept? Have we not dared when there is the property of t

that kept of the rain and ne damp uses * Cai
our consciences accuse us of inactivity and
idleness!"

"Before the just Judge, I trow not, friend
Dunbar. And this very day I heard the fair lips
of Hester Hammond declare, that David Dunbar
had done all that mortal could do to prevent the destruction of Wyoming."

"Did that pretty cretur really say that?"
asked the seout, pausing and laying his great
hand on Montour's shoulder.

"Dunbar, you know full well that when I
speak, you hear the voice of one who would not

speak, you hear the voice of one who would not deceive you for his right hand. Miss Hammond

said those words when you were leaving the

cabin."

"Heaven bless her, I say—heaven bless her in the manner she deserves!"

"Don't be down-hearted about it, Dunbar—that girl is too good not to be sensible of your merits."

merits."

"May God forgive you, friend Roland, for speakin' in that way to me! You know very well that I ain at persumptious man, and never expected any favor from that quarter. In fact I may say that I care no more for the match than I do for handsome Ellen Devron, or any

other git."

"My worthy Dunbar, it's no disgrace to love a comely and virtuous damsel, and the brave ever deserve the fair."

"It isn't at all likely that my coarse natur is capable of feelin' what you call love—it sin't, in fact, no ways reasonable to think so; and yet," added the scout, pausing, "if I was susceptible of that emotion, as 'tweer, I know that the beauty and goodness of Hesser Hammond would—would readened it although it would be a browned.

sy and goodness of Hester Hammond would— would produce it, although it would be the most hopeless passion in the world."
"Don't be too sure of that; for it is not im-probable that you are over modest, and rather blind, withal."

blind, withal."
"I know that it's an easy thing to be mistaken about matters ordinarily, in this world; but the subject you're talkin' of is somethin'

different."
This conversation took place while the par-ties were halting, waiting for those whom they were watching to go on again; for the latter had stopped at a bend and were turning many a wisful glance up the river.
"My white brothers talk much, but not of what is before them!" said the Delaware.
"He the conversation natestals led to swhet."

what is before them "s said the Delaware.
"But the conversation naterally led to what has been said, for in tryin's 10 reconcile our consciences to what is a fore us, we were carried back, as I may say, to those as are our friends and neighbors, and in whom we, as human cretures, feel an interest; otherwise than that, I hold that the talk, as you call it, is to the pint, and on the whole calculated to help us do more time in words. The truth is, we all feel that them two men ought to be disposed of, so they wond to no more mischief; the question is who will do it?"

"It seems to me that my brother's heart is

who will do it?"
"It seems to me that my brother's heart is softening, and he is becoming a squaw! Why should his voice grow serious when a couple of false dogs art out of the Come, he a man. Time is flying, and soon the shouts of the Iroquois will be heard on the borders of the valley, where dwell the handsome squaws that you love," added Castanego.
"The reprofits, in some "senance" senance."

where dwell the handsome squaws that you love," added Castanego.

"The reproof is, in some respects, merited, but not wholly; for you must remember, Delaware, that the natur of a red man and a white isn't the same, and they don't allers act from the same motive. It's probable that the Master of Life has made everything as it should be, and for the best; but there it is, and can't be dismuted that the youngest sink in its incomparison. for the best; but there it is, and can't be dis-puted, that the two races aint alike in dispersi-tion. In some respects I don't feel it no dis-grace to be like a woman—for instance havin' a pure mind, and a heart ready to melt at the thought of the sufferin's of others—yet when it consents affice, why I'm complished the on, why I'm somethin' rather differ. New your nation has been call-

Hush!" said Montour, pulling his friend by "Hush!" said Montour, pulling his friend by the sleeve in time to prevent the conclusion of the sentence. "Some tell-tale breeze may carry the sound of our voice yonder. Decide what you will do quickly, that we may return to our friends, who will be alarmed at our very long absence."

friends, who will use another the state of t

Vanilatine and his companion continued stand-ing by the water. The spot they occupied was comparatively free from trees of a very large size, and even the shrubbery was not redundant in growth; but directly behind them a hill arose precipitously steep, casting over them a' dark and misty shadow, making their figures appear in the distance indistinct, grim and spec-tro-like. Although our friends were within rifle range, under ordinary circumstances, without the disadvantages mentioned, but as matters were, it was far from easy to look through the delicate sights and see such vague, ill-defined ob-jects. Gicaling along close to the water, they hoped to lessen the distance and gain a point where the shadow of the back-ground would affect them less. After much effort, and runhoped to lessen the distance and gain a point where the shadow of the back-ground would affect them less. After much effort, and run-ning some risk of discovery by their movements, they reached a large rock, behind which they could stand, and over which they could look and see Vanalstine and his companion, but still

obscured by the misty veil thrown forward by

The scont paused an instant; something like a sigh of regret escaped him, and then making a motion to the Delaware, he raised his long rifle. The breech had nearly present his shoulder, when again a feeling of irresolution or compunction appeared to arrest his hand, and he let the weapon drop gently to the earth.

"It isn't because I'm a coward, Delaware. O, by no means! but—but, red-man, they're my countrymen, and it goes again my feelin's to lift my hand for their hurt."

' Give them the power and the sanguinary equois are not half so cruel,' replied Mon-ar, in the same voice.

"Give them the power and the sanguinary Iroquois are not half so cruel," replied Montour, in the same voice.

"Enough! enough!" said the Delaware.
"I'm ready."
"I hear the sound of oars or paddles," added our hero.

The Lenape laid his finger upon his lips to admonish them to silence, and bent his head to listen. For a period of some seconds the parties stood like figures of stone.

"They come—they come!" whispered the chief—"the king's men and the Iroquois!"
"And the valley of Wyoming approaches the bour of its bloody baptism!" said Roland.

Dunbar passed his hand over his forchead, and an expression of sadness, deep and palpable, played upon his sun-burned face.
"What now ought to be done?" anxiously inquired Montour.
"Waii," returned the Delaware, "wait till they sweep round the bend into sight, that we may see how many."

"Good advice—but these two men mastn't on no account secape," added the scout.

The sounds grew more audible momentarily, and in five minutes the foremost of the boats shot round the bend; they were filled with men in green uniform.
"The Royal Greens," said Dunbar.

shot round the trent; any water man.

"The Royal Greens," said Dunbar,

"The Royal Greens some of the Senecas and the
Onoudagas," added Castanego.

"Italioo! this way!" cried 'Arnalstine, addressing one of the boats.

"Who the dence are you? What's wanted!"

"Who the dence are you? What's wanted?"
was the curt reply.
"We are men, royal and true; and a fine job
we've got for you a short distance from here."
"An east of rebels fast asleep, to be
mine-meat by Butler's Rangers."
"Betrayed, are they?"
"Like simple sheep," said Vanalstine.
"Then we will go and shear them—and close,
too!"

"Then we will go and shear them—and close, too!"

"There!" hissed Dunbar, "my feelin's of humanity are gone. Delaware, take the one on the right, and I'll do for the other. The Lord have mercy on 'em!"

This time Dunbar's rifie went briskly to his shoulder, and his keen, gray eyes seemed to travel along the barrel with right good will. Montour could see, by the moonbeams, that his honest-looking face was flushed with indignation, and that his whole expression was as sugar and resolute as it had been hesitating, undecided and sympathicing a brief space before. He saw the levelled rift with no emotions of pirty that sentiment had given place to another. Were miscreants, who berrayel their nearest neighbors without comparence, worthy the commiscreant, who bernote the comment of the commiscreants, who bernote the comment of the commiscreants of the commiscreants of the commiscreants of the commiscreants of the commiscreant of the commis thout compunction, worthy the commiser-ion of honorable men, however hard their

ride sprang to his face with inconceivable quick-ness, and its sharp, deadly voice went reverber-ating through the hills in a series of whip-like detonations. The tory fell forward against the bows of the boat; the men drew him in, but he did not sit; they glanced at his head—saw the wound, and pushed the inanimate body into the river.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FATE OF FORT WINTERMOOT

THE PATE OF FORW WISTERSOOT.

Deman and his companies sid not tarry to see more; but with all possible speed retraced their steps to the ravine, wene they had left their men, and who were now awaiting their return with some degree of impatience and uncasiness, while the fulfills awept on.

"Now, my friends," said Roland, "is time to assert your cleim to mashood, and that courage which is its rure test. Follow us, and we will also you that the were not mistaken.

courage which is its true test. Follow us, and we will show you that we were not mistaken when we asserted that our foes were descending the Sasynchanna to make a grand demonstra-tion upon Wyoming. The man Vandstine, who created a division among us, and well nigh thwared our purposes (with his no less deceis-ful companion), has gone to his reward."

The men of the valley turned their faces carneally toward Montour, for an explanation.

"When aleep had closed the gives and locked the senses of their comrades and neighbors. Vanishine and his friend stole away and left them, left them to meet the forces of Butler, which are now floating down yonder water. We followed them—aw them watching for our foes, heard them hall the rangers—and—and you heard, doubtless, the report of our rides I That finishes my story."

doubtiess, the report of our ritles! That finishes my story."
The men grasped their weapons firmly, and demanded to be led against the enemy. The Delawares and the Oneidas gathered about Castaneço, and soon the party was in motion. They hastened forward, but before they reached the Sarquehanna they heard a deafening volley of masketry, followed by cries of terror and groans of pain.

maskerty, renoved of pain.

"Our deluded neighbors are suffering for their folly," said Devron.

"Not with a good grace can they claim our sympathy," answered Lawson.

"And yet," added the other, "we will not vefuee it."

"Annu yo,
refuse it."

"Nor an arm to help them," resumed Lawson.

"Haste, friends! haste!" cried Dunbar,
in a resolute voice.

"Haste, friends! haste!" cried Danbar, in a resolute voice.

There was little need now to admonish them to speed in their movements. If they had, perchance, felt any want of confidence in their leaders previously, it was at that moment fully restored. That Montour and the scout knew all that they had professed, was at that Juncture stifficiently evident; and thoroughly ashamed of any doubt that their conduct might have implied during the night, they resolved to atone for the same by their obedience in fature, and their bravery at that time.

Before they reached the river they were met by soveral flugities, who, mistaking them for a detachment of the enemy, fell upon their knees, and begged stoutly for mercy.

"Up, fools!" exclaimed Danbar; "up, and show yourselves men and not cowards." Some of the flying ones, as soon as they saw how matters really were, fell in with the men, and looking very penient and sheepish, kept on with them; while others fled like persons deprived of their senses.

Arrived at the river, below the spot where the first had been kindted, Montour and the scout arranged their somewhat mottey army in the way that would best enable them to pour effectual

Arrived at the river, below the spot where the five had been kindled, Montour and the scott arranged their somewhat motley army in the way that would be set enable them to pour effectual volleys upon the enemy when the boars should pass. The firing above them soon ceased; for those who were not slain or wounded at the first discharge, fied with all practicable speed in various directions. Bitterly, when it was too late, did they regret their folly, obtaseness, jealousy and mutiny against the authority of those whom they well knew could have no incentive to decive or lead them wantonly into danger. Those who had run off in an opposite course, would have given all their possessions at the valley, for a single glimpse of the tall figure of the seout, with his callm, lonest features. The few who had been so fortunate as to meet the advance which is called not a word, asked not a question, but with downcast eyes and glowing checks dropped into the ranks. No one reproached, for feeling conscious of their stall error, and that it had cost several lives, they were sufficiently rebuked.

error, and that it had costseveral lives, they were sufficiently rebusked.

There followed a short period of silence, broken soon by the sound of paddles and oars in motion. The strange flottlis drew in sight, presenting a startling spectacle to the dwellers in the valley—men, however bold they might be in the hour of actual conflict, were undisciplined in the hour of actual conflict, were undisciplined and unused to seeing their enemies in such large numbers. The Indians of the league were seer in all their war-paint, dark, grim and horrible skimming lightly over the water in their canoes while the Royal Greens in bateaux, made up the rest of the unpleasant show.

skimmine lightly over the water in their cances; while the Royal Greens in bateaux, made up the rest of the unpleasant show.

The whole of this fleet could not be taken in at a single glance of the eye, for it extended up the river a considerable distance.

"What do you think of their numbers?" Lawson asked of the scout.

"I should set them down at a thousand," was the reply.

"A thousand men!" exclaimed Devron.
"Alas, who will protect my child?"

"Fear not," said Roland. "There are hands that will not be forgeful of the needs of the helpless and the fair, among us."

"Observe," added Lawson to Montour, "how grim and terrible those dusky warriors look in the pale monlight."

"I am thinking," resumed Devron, sorrow-fully, "where their war-ries will be heard to-morrow, how many ears they will fleet will feer will freez with early I were alone in the world, much less should I heed this visitation—much less should I heed this visitation—much less should I heed this visitation—much less should I heed the shock of the storn; but, friend Dunbar, I have a dearly loved daughter."

"And a fair one she is, and you may well be pud of her," responded the scout.

roud of her," responded the scott.

The conversation now wholly ceased, for the toment of action had arrived. Concealed as hey were in the bashes and shrubbery, the nemy were wholly ignorant of their nearness, and consequently not anticipating the results of the proximity.

Stepping to a position where he could be seen to the proximity without who now confessed his authority. Demis

Stepping to a position where he could be seen by those who now confessed his authority, Dun-bur waved his hand (which was the signal agreed upon), and the mountain ranges resounded to the ratio and crash of musketry, and the load war whoops of savages suddenly startled from a sense of security by the whistling of the deadly bullet and the fall of companions seated at their

ballet and the fall of companions seated at their side.

The whigs and their few faithful allies then loaded and fired as rapidly as possible, without waiting for any particular orders. When Butler's army had somewhat recovered from the first effects of the surprise, the fire was returned at random without much success, because their shots were sent after fose whom they could not see, and if one was wounded, it was only by chance. Knowing by the nature of the statek, and the firing, that the assailants were but few in number, the colonel commanded a strong detachment of his rangers to land and force the analocious handful of rebels from their position; but by the time the first boat had touched the bank, the objects of their vengeance were retreating toward the valley, knowing that to resist such overwhelming odds would be in vain, and result in a needless wasto of life.

Baffield in this purpose, it only remained for the royalists to smother their anger and float down the stream as before.

Baffled in this purpose, it only remained for the royalists to smother their anger and float down the stream as before.

There was no lagging, and every one did his best to reach the valley before the enemy. Just as the sun was rising they came in sight of Wintermone's stockade. Near it was a cabin in which a free was blazing upon the hearth. Montour rushed into the dwelling, seized a glowing brand, and shouting to the others to follow, ran toward the obnoxious fort and applied the burning wood in several places. Instantly the timer ignited, the red flames leaped rapidly up the palisades, and the works were soon sheeted with liquid fire. Those who had garrisoned the stockade, fled at the approach of the whige, and just in the border of the forest looked back and saw their stronghold crumbling to sahes.

The flames darted up fierest looked back and saw their stronghold crumbling to sahes.

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"Many's the time I've wanted to see such a sight as this," and Dunbar, as they moved on.

"And now," said Lawon, speaking to Roland, "we must prepare for the great ritial of to-day."

The returning patriots were met at Fort Forty by many analous faces; and many voices inquired concerning the night's adventures, which had been heard but the day before scorning the ideas of danger. The alarms which had so often been sounded were at that juncture fully realized, and the most increduious and debeived among them could not over had they been disposed to do so, athough to their credit be it written, there was no disposition to act such a craver part when the countained of Colonel Zebulon Batt

Colonel Dorrance, Mayor Garratt, and Colonel Dorrance, Mayor Garratt, and Colonel Donnison, made ready to give battle to the royalists.

As we have not mentioned the names of these officers for the protection of the valley, it is incumbent on us to remark that they had been absent on active service in the continental army, and had returned, some the day previous, and others that very morning; hence the reason that those gallant men have not been spoken of. On that eventful morning a council of war was called to decide upon what course of action the exigency required. Colonel Zebulon Butler was in favor of an immediate attack, and when there had been considerable discussion pro and con, the opinion of Dunbar was asked.

"Whether we had better march out and give 'em battle, depends altogether upon circumstances, as 'were. If there's any reason to expect reinforcements from General Washington, I should say it would be better to shut ourselves up in the fort and wait. But it's probable that you are better acquainted with these matters than I am. Unless we can take the tories by surprise, I don't think the chances of success are very great."

"Those are my own views," replied Colonel

supprise, I don't think the chances of success are very great."

"Those are my own views," replied Colonel Dorrance. "If we had the ability to surprise our wily foes, we might hope to win the day."

"I trusted that we might be able to do that," returned Colonel Butler, "for they do not anticipate an attack from us. They have encamped not far above the ruins of Wintermoot's stockade, as you know, and are regaling themselves, I dare say, on the best beeves they can find."

"Come, Mr. Montour, what do you think? I should like to know the opinion of one of whom I have heard so many flatering thinge during the two hours I have been as Fort Forty," said Major Garratt, turning to Roland. An ingenuous blush passed over the young man's face, for he observed that the eyes of all the officers were directed toward him. He quickly regained his self-control, and replied with befitting modesty:

quickly regained his self-control, and replied with befitting modesty:

"That his opinion was probably worth but little when compared with that of veteran officers who had seen much service; but still were he to express his sentiments freely, he should say that the hazard of offering battle was great, because they had no disciplined troops to oppose the regular soldlery of the royal army. They could not display in the field over four hundred men to do battle with a thousand strong. Again, this force, consisting, as it did, of old men and mere striplings, would very probably be dismayed by the shouts and terrific arts of six hundred wavanges and their hideous war-point—experience.

ed braves who could fight skilfully behind bushes, stones and trees, and, creeping like serpents, or running like moose, outflank their untried militia."

" Very sensibly spoken," exclaimed Colonel

Dorrance.

"It would be prudent, before making the stack, to send forward a small scouting party," returned Zebulon Butler.

This was certainly a very reasonable suggestion, and Dunbar was selected as the person best fitted for this service. It was a duty he was well qualified to perform, and he proceeded very calmly to the discharge of the same. Passing the smouldering timbers of Fort Wintermoot, and advancing under cover as much as possible, he was soon able to get a very good view of the tory camp. They were at dinner, and gave evidence of being in the best of spirits. In surveying the motoley groups engaged in that agreshle occupation, his eyes rested on Lanaway, Wintermoot and Martin Secord. The spectacle made his blood tingle with indignation, and casting a wirful look at his rifie, he regretted that he could not use it in a manner which justice demanded. Nor were the individuals whom we have named the only ones whom the scout recognized. He saw many who had once professed to be whige, and who had freely expressed their hypocritical opinions when the patriots were consulting each other for the mutual good, and given advice which had served, as he could now see, to increase the apathetic indifference of the less shrewd.

"Heartless men!" mused Dunbar. "How can they rejoice and be merry at the thought of so much suffering as their wicked treachery will produce?"

Wintermoot was talking carnestly with his companions, and the scout felt a strong desire to get near enough to hear the Conversation. Fortunately for him, the Senceas (who were cunder the command of Gien-qwa-tah) were encamped beyond the tories, between them and the woods, and this circumstance lessened the chances of discovery because the ears of an Indian are more ready to bear the Cight movements of as enemy, and their eyes quicker to detect the presence of an unedcome Inrkrv.

Dunbar crept nearer and still nearry, until the voices of the royalitis were audible. He funcious of the catable. He following words are the conversation of the catable a

"Our success would have been certain," responded Martin, helping himself plentifully to the eatables.

"The darkey struck uncommonly hard!" added the other.

"There is one thing will tend to console you," said Wintermoot, with a laugh. "You suffered for the sake of beauty; although without increasing your own personal good looks."

"To be sure I have got a black eye, but time will cure that evil," Lanaway replied.

"And I," resumed Martin, "have not only a black and-blue eye, but a bruised and discolored ar; and while we are speaking of the subject, I will remark that I was once kicked by a young colt, and knocked into a heap (metaphorically); but that was a mere trifle to the blow that the nigger dealt mey setserday. But I've challed it down, boys, against him, and hope to square the account before the day closse."

"I also," said Wintermoot, moodily, "have an account to adjust with a certain person, which I trust will be duly cancelled."

"How cancelled I" inquired Martin, with a sinister smile.

"Yith blood!" reioined Wintermoot fercely.

sister smile.
"With blood!" rejoined Wintermoot, fiercely.

"With blood!" rejoined Wintermoot, flercely.
"And who may that man be!"
"David Dunbar."
"The scont of the Susquehanna!" exclaimed
Martin, with a start.
"The same."
"And right well I know him; I have also a
score set down to his debt which must be looked
to sooner or later," added Martin.
"There are one or two others of the same ilk,
who have done us much harm," Lannaway observed, with an unseemly oath.
"Name them; though there is small need
it, for I presume we all know who you mean,"
Wintermoot responded.

"Name them; though there is small need of it, for I presume we all know who you mean," Wintermoot responded.

"Montour, and a stranger, who hovers about

"Montour, and a strunger, who hovers about the valley, appearing at different times and places, and has frequently been seen with the young fellow have mentioned," and Lanaway. "I have learned his name; he is called Lawson," resumed Wintermoot.

"I heard the Seneca chief talking of him today; he has learned that it was through Lawson's agency that Montour made his escape after he was captured by him," continued Martin. "Then he marred a plan well laid. It was Colonel Buder's intention that both Montour and Dunbar should be put out of the way, for they were, figuratively speaking, the eyes of the twalley, and nothing could be done without their getting knowledge of it. Often have they escaped death as if by miracle. Experienced warriors have been on their trail—they have been dogged night and day, and fired at by marksone considered skilled; but, as you are aware, the two obnoxious persons are still in existence," asid Lanaway.

"I have surmised, Lanaway, that you had, possibly, some uncomfortable feelings of jealousy in connection with Roland Montour?" added Wintermoot, with a covert smile.

"Perhaps I have, but that concerns only myself; but I have seriously supposed at time, that you were terribly jealous of that David Dunbar."

An angry scowl contracted the forehead of an im-

An angry scowl contracted the forehead of

An angry scowl contracted the forehead of the tory, and he muttered some kind of an im-precation which the scout could not hear. "Jealous of such a dot!" he exclaimed, after a passe. "Hester Hammond eares little for the like of him." "That's the only true thing you've spoken this long time," thought Dunbar, whose extreme

modesty would not for an instant allow him to imagine that he had excited a tender sentiment in the heart of the fair Quakeress. Some conversation then ensued relating more especially to the respective maidens for whom they professed to feel a friendship of so peculiar and lasting a nature, and which the sout old not deem it prudent to wait to hear. The names of Elice Devron and Elvira Hudson were the last words that the winds wafted after him as he crept away.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE.

DUNDAR flattered himself that the most critical part of his task was accomplished, when Gien-qwa-tah, attended by three or four of his warriors (who had been reconociering) approached in that direction and came suddenly upon him. He sprang from the ground, knocked one of them down and would have escaped, had not Gien-qwa-tah and the other two braves thrown themselves upon him with the agility of panthers. The scout bestirred himself like a man, and putting forth his herculean strength, attempted to shake off his adversaries, and as much as the chances were against him would possibly even then have succeeded in his purpose, had not the gun of one of the Indians been dischaged in the seufle, attracting instantly the attention of the tories, a party of whom ran to the spor-(among whom were Wintermoot, Lanaway and Secord), who immediately decided the spor-(among whom were Wintermoot, Lanaway and Secord), who immediately decided the sport of the tories, a party of whom ran to the spor-(among whom were Wintermoot, Lanaway and Secord), who immediately decided the sport of the tories, a party of whom ran to the spor-(among whom were Wintermoot, Lanaway and Secord), who immediately decided the sport of t

son for makin' an end of you, as 'tweer, I didn't kake advantage of the circumstance out of mercifule considerations. But I didn't suppose you'd remember such a thing to return it in kind, and you see I aint disappinted in them respects."

"Your course is pretty near run, I take it," said Wintermoot.

"Perhaps it is, but every man's time comes sooner nor he's ready for it. Few of us, I recken, will be found prepared for such a wondrous change. But I've done my duty, and have nothin' to be afeared of in that respect. I've loved my country, and did my heis for the cause of freedom. To be sure, I haven't done all x wish I could, but enough to give me a clear conscience, as I may say, and take away the terror of what's afore me in givin' up this world for the other," Dunbar answered, with his wont-ed calmness of demeanor.

terror of what's afore me in givin' up this world for the other," Dunbar answered, with his wonted calmess of demeanor.

"Well, we don't want to hear no presiching to-day, for we have other work to do. It about it we minutes we will stop your rebel tongue forever," added Wintermoot.

"As for that matter, I conclude you haven't much authority over me, because I was taken by this redshirt, and I faney hell dispose of me as he pleases," Dunbar remarked, for he observed that the Seneca chief was not pleased with what had been said.

"We shall decide that," resumed Wintermoot, grasping the scout by the shoulder with the intention of dragging him away to a spot convenient for the execution of his threat. But he had reckoned too highly on his power. Gien-qwn-riad quickly interposed his authority.

"This captive was not taken by the pale face?" he angrily exclaimed, disengaging the hand of the tory with a sudden movement. Wintermoot resented this unexpected interference, and in the first heat: of passion drew a pistol from his belt, in which ach he was imitated at once by his two friends. Gi-en-qwa-tah and for a moment there was a fair prospect of a serious eneste; but Butter opportunely reached the spot at that crisis, and sternly rebuked Wintermoot for provoking the Seneca's ire. The pistols went back to their places, instantly, and the warriors of the league looked stellenly at those who had overstepped their legitimate bounds, and attempted to violate established usages.

"This then is David Dunbar, the scont, of whose canning I have heard so many extravagant things? My red brother has done well," said the colonel.

"The eyes of the Senecas are always open," returned lle-who occes in the small."

"The eyes of the Senecas are always open," returned He-who-goes in the smoke.

"They are the boldest of the Iroquois," added

our enemies."
"I expected it, and have long been in doubt of them; but the Sencess and Onondagus are full-grown men, with hearts like buffaloes, and swift of foot as the wild mose."
Gi-en-qwa-tah heard these complimentary sayings without changing a musele of his face.
"My young braves are thirsting for blood," he replied.
"They shall soon have it—it shall run like water."

water."

"And will God have mercy on the souls of them as cause it to be poured out?" exclaimed

colonel.
"You may have heard of me, but "it's plain you don't know me!" answered the scout. "No man as knows me would ask such a question as that!"
Builer mused a moment, playing meanwhile with the hilt of his swoot.
"Come, my good fellow, tell me what kind of a turn-out they will make ?" he added.

"Brough to make a bloody field—enough to send some of your villains home to their father— the great prince of the powers of darkness," moodily rejoined the scout.

"We have agame follow here, surely. Sene-ca, you must keep your eyes on him."
"I would suggest, your honor, that he be hanged at once," said Martin Secord, touching his can.

his cap.
"When I want your advice, I'll ask it!" replied the colonel, sternly, and Martin slunk away "When I want your save a plied the colonel, sternly, and Martin slunk away behind Wintermoot.
"I wish so brave a man could have been en listed on the right side," resumed Butler, glancing at Danbar.
"Then you've got your wish!" exclaimed th

Then you've got your wish!" exclaimed the

listed on the right side," resumed Butler, glanning at Dunbar.

"Then you've got your wish!" exclaimed the scout.

"If you could be made to see what is for your interest, those bonds might be severed."

"If you could be made to see what is for your interest, those bonds might be severed."

"If a ruber wear 'em than change my sentiments. It was born in ne to be airnest in whatever I undertake, and I can't be no otherwise."

"Well, if you rather die a rebei than live a loyalist, have your own way; but I didn't know but you might think your life worth saving."

"Not'at the price you name, or rather at the price you hint at. I'll submit to my fate the set way I can, and hope you'll be able when you're called for, to go with as clear a conscience; but you've shed too much insocent blood to hope for any peace in the hour of death. It's a but you've shed too much liste insocent blood to hope for any peace in the hour of death. It's a pity you handra 'given up life in infancy afore you'd well begun it, so that you might have been spared the infamy which will allers cling to your memory, and curse your name as long as thistory of these tryin' times shall endure."

The tory leader, whose career is now read with horror, gazed at the glowing face of the scout an instant, and then spoke with the Indian in a low that excited voice. Dunbar as we the chief shake his head and frown, and then the colonel walked away with a lowering brow.

Gien-qwa-tah motioned for his prisoner to follow, and proceeded to the place where his warriors were feasting. There was a small deserted cabin near, into which Dunbar was conoulouted. His limbs were then more securely bound, and he was left the sole occupant of the dwelling, a guard of warriors being duty placed without to prevent the escape of a captive of so much importance. He did not gather any hope being spared through the elemency of his capitor, because he had prevented Wintermoot and his associates from gratifying their malice on the spot, by adding marder to their other crimes. Too we

not so octuse as not to perceive. Its angunary conqueror wished to submit him to those terrible ordeals which were well calculated to shake the strongest heart with fear.

With that philosophy which he had learned from nature more than from books, he endeavored to reconcile himself to a situation from which there now appeared no way of escape. He thought of Hester Hammond, and wondered what would be her fate when the tide of battle swept down the valley. Who would fly to save her when all was lost—when the young men and the old who were now making ready to do their best, lay stretched, wounded or lifeless, upon the fields of Wyoming? Her father and brother would both he in the conflict about to ensue, and if they should fall—Dunhar shuddered, and devoutly wished he could think of some subject more comforting; but the painful theme was forced upon him and could not be dismissed.

Leaving our friend in this unpleasant dilemma, we will note the fortunes of other parties concerned in these events.

Wearily and fearfully passed the hours at Mr. Hudson's cabin. Fair and anxious ones waited in dread suspense to hear the sound of mortal combat. Many of the women and children had taken refuge at Fort Forty, but the inmates of the dwelling we have named, preferred to remain at home and abide the issue there. If their defenders proved victorious, it would make but little difference whether they were at the cabin or he fort, and if they were vanquished, they argued that they could meet their fate there as well as at any other place. Not a single male protector remained with them—all had gone to meet the fort.

argued that they could meet their fate there as well as at any other place. Not a single male protector remained with them—all had gone to meet the foe.

That Ellen Devron thought of her father was very natural; nor may it be deemed unmaidenly that more than once she permitted her mind to dwell upon Beland Montour. Once during the dwyl the day he had passed the cabin, paused a few moments at the door to exchange a few words with the rather and Cato. He had seen and recognized her with the common salutations of the day; but by some means the gentle maiden received the impression thaj his voice took on a different once—was modulated to a softer cadence when he addressed her. He had also, as he had seen and recognized her with the common salutations are seen to the friend Ellen, with evident pleasure. This she imagined, changed chôr? and manifested some confusion; and Miss Hudson averred that his eyes had followed the pretty figure of her friend Ellen, with evident pleasure. This she whispered to the damset the moment Montour had departed, thereby causing her face to become auddenly suffused. It is not improbable that Ellen retorted upon the malicious girl, by some suddenly suffused. It is not improbable that Ellen retorted upon the malicious girl, by some suddenly suffused. It is not improbable that Ellen retorted upon the malicious girl, by some meantary forgetfulness of their peritous situation, it was not left unspoken.

The sun of the third of July, 1778, passed the meridian, and his rays poured down brightly upon the valley. The green grain, just up, waved in the soft summer air; the grass unduated upon the beautiful meadows, and the spring flowers nodded in the pleasant warmh; the leaves turned to the gladdenlong light, and the waters murmured musically through the lovely vale.

"On Reseguisants side, falt Wysneleg!" Although the well.

"On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall,
And reoffess homes, and remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befail;
Yet thou wert once the loreliset land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore Ellen and Elvira stood at the door of the cabin

and looked upon each familiar scene of that earthly paradies; and while they gased, inhaled the perfunded sephyrs, and listened to the cheer-ful notes of innumerable birds, they tried to think that the tales they had heard of war and dange were but illd dreams of the night, and that amid that rural scenery,

The happy shepherd swains had nought to But feed their flocks on green declivities, Or skim perchance the lake with light can

Or stim perchance the lake with light cance."

Recalled from the momentury abstraction, the naidens turned their anxious faces up the river.

"The valley smiles beautifully to-day, in its oveliness," said Elvira.

"Yes, but methinks there is an awful stillness at the sir."

'No, Ellen, here comes a gentle little zephyr

"Any, Laters, nerve comes a grante intre zephyr to stir your ringletes."

"But I mean that there is something terribly oppressive in the atmosphere, despite all its fragrance. The sky seems to bend over the valley with a brassy, fiery fixedness that awes my spirit," said Ellen.

Elvira shuddered and again threw anxious cleaness un the vicer.

glances up the river.

"Do you hear aught, my children?" asked
Mrs. Hudson, coming to the door.

"Not a sound to indicate that the battle has
commenced," replied Elvira.

"Put up prayers to the God of armies, dren," added Mrs. Hudson, in a voice lov

"Put up prayers to the God of armies, chil-dren," added Mrs. Hudson, in a voice low and tremulous.

The good lady had scarcely ceased speaking, when the roll and rattle and roar of musketry, in rapid and continuous volleys, reached their, in rapid and continuous volleys, reached their, "The dreadful work has begun!" exclaimed Mrs. Hudson. "Hudsands and fathers, brothers and lovers are now being swept away by the demon of war. Heaven only knows how many that are dear to us are being prostrated by those fearful volleys!"

Soon a dense volume of smoke arose, and gradually expanding, hung over the valley like a thunder-cloud of three-fold blackness. The air, recently so odorous with the breath of flow-ers, became impregnated with sulphurous furnes. With clasped hands and parted lips, the maidens. With clasped hands and parted lips, the maidens were sending hundreds of souls to the world eternal.
"It seems to me." said Ellen. "that the firine

eternal.

"It seems to me," said Ellen, "that the firing grows more distinct."

"Then they must be retreating," returned

Elivira.

Ellivira.

Ellivira.

Ellivira by the friends were the victors, the battle would roll from them and up the valley toward

would roll from them and up the valley toward Lackwamnock.

Now we will approach the scene of conflict, note the disposition of the Americans and the conduct of our hero. When the hastily raised and ill armed army reached the place where the battle was fought, they found the rangers and Indians drawn up in line, and ready to receive them. The command of the left was entrusted to Colonels Dennison and Dorrance; while the right was led by Colonel Zebnison Butler in person, aided by Major Garratt. Opposed to the latter, were the Rangers and Greens, commanded by Colonel John Butler. The enemy's right was led by Gien-qwa-tab, and consisted mostly of Senecas.

was led by Gië-q-wa-tah, and consisted mostly of Senceas.

The Delaware chief and his warriors were on the left, and Montour was also in that division of the army. When the action commenced Roland looked for Lawson, hat he was not to be sen; in a few minutes after he saw him approaching through the thickest of the fight, where the bultes were frying like halistones.

"The scout is a prisoner," he said, advancing to our hero's side. The words fell heavily on Montour's heart.
"By whom was he taken?" he asked.

"By the Sencea chief, who is fighting like a fiend yonder, and whose war cry rises loudly above all others on the field."

"Then there is hope for him," returned Roland.

Roland.
"A forlorn one, at best."
"He must be rescued," added Montour, wiping the smoke and powder from his face.
"That is more easily said than done," said Lawson drily.

"That is more easily said than done," said Lawson, drily.

"Bat I shall try it, nevertheless, though it cost me the best blood in my body. I cannot rest while my friend lies bound like a dog, awaiting the pains of a direful death. You are a brave man, sir—may I not rely on your aid?"

"Consult yonder Delaware, and I will shide by the result; I place much reliance upon his judgment," Lawson answered.

"Have you been long acquainted with him?" asked Roland, with a strong feeling of curiosity. "I knew him when he was but a child, but that was long ago." Montour looked earnestly at Lawson, and then advanced toward the spot where he heard the shout of the Lenni Lenape. He saw men and youth falling on every side of him, and the ranks of the Americans momentarily growing tinner. He spoke words of cheer as he passed along, and encouraged them with hopes which he was far from feeling. On a little grassy knoll he saw the body of a boy with high flaxen hair, I ying beside the mutilated corpse of an old man, whose head was white as the snows of winter.

CHAPTER XVI.

INCIDENTS OF THE CONFLICT.

MONTOUR moved on, and Lawson walked at MONTOUR moved on, and Lawson walked at his side. A few yards to his right he saw a had intently watching a bush, and while he was yet observing him, a Seneca cautiously put forth his head to select another victim, when the youthful warrior shot him. "Braveboy! brave boy!" exclaimed Lawson. "Yes, all are bold to obay," returned Roland. A little farther on our here saw a wounded man sitting upon the grass, trying to staunch the bleeding from a wound in his arm, and threw him his handkerchief to assist him in his purpose.

While the soldier was wrapping the handkerchief about his arm, a bullet from a concealed
forman stretched him upon the ground. Montone saw the smoke curling from behind a rock,
and keeping like yeu upon the spot, soon saw,
and keeping like yeu upon the spot, soon saw,
and keeping like yeu upon the spot, soon saw,
and keeping like yeu upon the spot, soon saw,
and that sawage never looked through the
sight, and that sawage never looked through the
sight, and spin. At the instant he discharged
his weapon, a leaden messenger passed through
his weapon, a leaden service to the marsh. We
are under their fire," said Lawson.
"You want move qulckly—they are exercising their skill upon us. See! a ball whistled through your hunting shirt."
"My lear friend, do not thus expose yourself—sull want of the still upon us. A see the shirt."
"My lear friend, do not thus expose yourself—sull want of the still upon us. And then Roland remembered, though he had
not before noticed the fact particularly, that his
eccentric friend had maintained that position
during their walk across the field of battle until
the incident of the wounded man had changed it.
At this singular circumstance he marvelled
and what had just occurred revived the remembranch, that at the skirmish on the river, Lawson had been continually near his person, and
often between him and the enemy's fire. Amid
all the horrors and dangers that curvironed him,
he could not but dwell upon so strange a matter.
"You have placed yourself in the most exposed position," he remarked.

"Have I? Well, it was quite by chance.
Hark I hat was the war-cry of Castanego—that
is he running to take a sealp. Here we are
near Captain Bidlack's company. Observe
how he cheers his men!"

Lawson pointed at the galiant officer, as he
directed Monton's attention, to him, and before
his hand had falle

Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and seres To freets the blood in one discordant jar, Rung the pealing thundre-bolts of war. Whoop after whoop with rack the sax assailed, as if unearthly feeds had burst their bar, as if unearthly feeds had been prevailed; and ay, as if for death, some loady trumper wail

"Fight gallantly, lads! Do your best, for Butler gives no quarter to-day!" cried Montour, springing to the head of the column, where the

Butler given oquartee to-day?" cried Montour, springing to the head of the column, where the captain had fallen.

Encouraged by his example, they stood their ground against the storm of destruction that swept them away and decimated their ranks. While they were fearlessly breasting the leaden tempest, the voice of Dorrance rang out over the field, nerving every heart of immense. One poor fellow flinched as the smoke, fire and sulphurous steam bilinded his eyes.

"Stand up to your work, sir! stand up boldly, and!" exclaimed Dorrance, whose eye seemed to be upon every one under his command. Chivarite Dorrance! those were his last words, the hissing bullet struck him down where he tood. The head of the column wavered—the most reckless and brave hesitated.

"Keep your ground, men—all is not lost! Remember that British Butler gives us no quarter!" shouted Roland.

"Mr. Montour, I am wounded," said a faint voice at his side. Roland turned and saw, through the dark haze of battle, the form of Edward Gaston stretched at his feet. "Goodby, my friend—I expect I'm sped. Tell Elvin.—"

Elvira—"
"Take my place, Mr. Lawson," interrupted Roland, "while I convey my friend to some spot where he will not lose his scalp, or be trod-due to death by the combatants."
"Heaven only knows where you will find such a spot," mylied Lawson, Mostour took Gaston in his arms and bore him toward the

vision in its arms and sore into toward the fiver.

"I fear your care is useless, Mr. Montour," he said. "And I am taking you from a post where you were doing good service.".

"There is always a chance for those who make an effort," answered Roland, hastening on. When he had reached the bank of the river, he glanced behind him and discovered that he was parsued.

When he had reached the bank of the river, he glanced behind him and discovered that he was parsued.

"Some one is fater me," he said, laying his friend gendly upon the ground. Turning again he recognized his pursuer, it being no other than Martin Secord, who had already levelled his gun. Montour threw Jimself prone upon the earth, and the bullet went harmlesely over him. Leaping to his feet, he hurled his hatchet at Martin; strack him upon the head and he fell. Reland caught his bleeding burden from the earth, and looking hassilty about for the means of hiding him, saw a bateau partly drawn up from the water. In the hottom of the vessed he placed Gaston, then tearing out a portion of the lining strain, when he hottom of the vessed he placed Gaston, then tearing out a portion of the lining stram, when it was immediately taken by the carrent and floated down the valley.

"That will at least give him a chance for his life," said our hero, as he stood and watched the bateau an moment as it was carried away.

He went to the spot where Martin Secord had fallen, but he was no longer there; he had doubtless been stunned by the blow, and not dangerously wounded.

The battle had now raged a long time, and it was beginning to be dark. When he reached the left wing again, the Americans were slowly giving ground, and the savages were turning their flank. At the from whe looked in vain among side yaide, but now he looked in vain among side by side, but now he looked in vain among

the grim and blackened faces to find them. He thought of the lovely Ellen, and in his solicitude for the nafety of her father, forgot his own danger, and for a brief space his tried friend Dunbar. He ran from group to group (for ranks there were none, the men were so cut up), but could not see the object of his anxiety. He continued his search among the dead and wounded.

"Come back!" cried Lawson, but Montour did not heed him, but walked over the ground which the men of Wyoning had lost, unmindful of the unremitting fire in that quarter. He at length found Devron sitting by a heap of the dad, calmly awaiting his father—the coup de grace and the scalping knife. Norwould he have been kept long in dread of the catastrophe, for a warrior was even then advancing with a frightful cryt togive him the death strivels. Montour met the Seneca with a strong bound, and grasping the wrist that swung the uplifted tomshawk, buried his hunting knife in his bosom. The yell of triumph subsided to a hollow groam, and an ominous rattle in the throat.

"Done, right bravely!" exclaimed Devron. "Now fly for your life! Give my love to Ellen, "Dorw fly the travelly in cried some one whose voice it was not difficult to know. Montour glanced toward a clump of bankes on his right and saw Cato contending with Wintermoot and two of the natives. While he was considering what to do, he perceived Lawson running to the scene.

"Good heavens, my dear Roland! you are extremely rather him and he names and the corter of the co

what to do, he perceived Lawson running or scene.

"Good heavens, my dear Roland! you are extremely rash!" he heard him exclaim.

"Hasten to aid Cato," replied Montour, and then hurried forward with his burden.

"Leave me, gallant young man! This will cost you you! life "remonstrated Devron, us-willing to involve another in the doom, which, to him, appeared inevitable. The retreats had now become a flight. Vainly did Colonel Zebulon Battler try to rally his men. He rode back and forth over the field, his gray hairs streaming in the wind, commanding and entreating by turns.

ing in the wind, commanding and entreating by turns.

"Do not leave me, my children! Maintain your ground, and the victory will be ours!" But the voice of the veteran was mable to stay the tide of retreat, and restore the fortunes of the day. A steady blaze of fire followed his course over the plains, while he strove to produce order and obedience. The curtain of night fell deeper and darker, and gloomly the smoke of battle mingled with the shades of twilight. Then commenced the horrors of retreat. Order was gone, and the Americans presented no serried line to oppose the exuitant foe. Wild, disorderly and fatal was the flight of the miserable debris of the army. Demons and shirleded after them, and direful deeds were done on the fair meadows of Wyoming.

army. Demons mad shricked after them, and direful deeds were done on the fair meadows of Wyoming.

As Montour went on with his wounded friend, he came to a spot where a determined handful still made a desperate stand.

"Our men are retreating—shall we follow?" he heard one sak.

"I'll have one shot more," replied the person addressed, while at the same moment a ball strack a tree close by his head, and a native sprang toward him with a spear. The whole-souled fellow, who would have "one shot more," had the privilege, and the savage leaped high in the air and fell with his weapon clutched convulsively in his hand.

"Now come," added his friend, but with unparralleled calmness he answered, "I'll load first."*

paralleled camuses

"What is that man's name?" asked Montour,
struck with admiration at his conduct.

"George Cooper," replied Mr. Devron.

"It should be remembered," returned Roland,

"It should be remembered," returned Roland, with enthusias.

If the reader will take the trouble to consult the pages of Stone's or Miner's History of Wyo-ming, he will, much to this satisfaction, learn that such acts of boldness are not specility for-gotten by a grateful people. Long will the memory of Buller, Dorrance, Howitt, Garratt, and a soure of others, be cherished by the lovers

Hintery, But these are deeds which should not pass away, And anset that must not wither, though the earth Forgats her empires with a just deep. The malarers and the enabared, their death and birth The light hen mountain-majesty of worth. Should be, and shall, surraver of its wos, And from its limentially look forth and the many face, like yeader Alphe must imperhable just be Spoud all things below."

Captain Hewitt, whose fate is well known to hose versed in the history of those fearful times, was at that crisis striving to make the drummer strike up; "but his drum was literally riddled with balls, and a tin-pan would have been quite to cond for his horners.

win noalis, and a tin-pan would have been quite as good for his purpose.

"Shall we retreat?" asked one of his lieuten-ants. "We are left alone."

"I'll be shot if I do!" retorted the captain,

was. The next day his body was found mutila-ted and scalped. Here indeed was a rare exhibition of courage; and Montour as he pushed forward with Devron, prayed fervently that the captain might be spared to his country many years; but when he looked back, after going a few rods, he was no longer to be accentaged to the search was stretched beside other noble hearts that had ceased to beat.

* This inclient, and several related in the have the merit of being strictly true.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[CONCLUBIG PERT WEEK.]

ECONOMY OF NATURE—How beautifully does the law of proportion run through all the handi works of God! The things most useful, we everywhere find the most common. How cheap is steam, that mighty agency! It is but water, the most pelential material given to man. Suppose our iron mines were exchanged for gold mines; and ties reserve, could thousand of premiser; and view reserves, could thousand of premisers of the country of iron. What could make good the loss manking would suffer, were our jumenes and unexplored, fields of coal to be changed into diamonds? We can eat bread without butter, but butter without bread would be a very poor diet.—Studies of Nature.

ten for The Flag of our Union.] STANZAS.

Talk not to me of stately marble halls,
With towering columns, and triumphal gate
With vacant glance I view the trophicd walls,
The wide, unsocial haunt of suilen state.

MARGUERITE AND HER PARROT.

It was a small room furnished with neatness, but with extreme simplicity. There was no carpet on the floor,—but what need of a carpet when the floor was no clean that it shools like was? Then in the centre of the room a small table was set, and a young gifd with the flush of health upon her cheeks, was gally singing with all the lightness of heart which belongs to careless and sprightly thirteen. Meanwhile she was busying herself in preparing the table for the afternoon meal, for the oblique rays cast upor the floor by the sun, which never needs winding up, and yet always keeps good time, warned her that the afternoon was drawing to a close.

Just in front of the window hung a cage containing a large gray parrot. He was looking with a fixed and meditative glance upon the young girl, as if he fully comprehended the purport of the preparations she was making.

"Henrique wants supper," at length he exclaimed. "Poor Henriques hall have some, but he must wait till papa gets home, and then we will all cat it together." "No, not all," she must wait till papa gets home, and then we will all cat it together." "No, not all," she nontimed, after a short passe, her voice changing from the air of cheerfulness with which she had placed there, that they might be kept warm till her father's entrance.

He catered, a man of middle size, with sunburnt face, and brown hands, which baspoke labor in the open air.

"Welcome home, papa Bertmad," for so he had been accustomed to greet the entrance of the master of the house.

But this salutation, which usually elicited a smile, and greeting in return, failed to do so now. Bertrand and in air which betrayed not only weariness, but mental disturb-betrayed not only weariness, but mental disturb-

But this salutation, which usually elicited a smile, and greeting in return, failed to do so now. Bertrand sank into a chair with an air which betrayed not only weariness, but mental disturb-ance of some kind.

"Why don't you speak ?" screamed the par-rot, in his shrill voice. "Poor Henrique!"
Marguerite looked around, and instantly per-ceived that something had happened to disturb her father.

ceived that something had happened to disturb her father.

"What's the matter!" she inquired. "Has anything befallen you, papa? You look as sad as if you had not a friend in the world."

"No more have I, except you," was his reply. "Poor Henrique," said he parrot.

"Yes, and Henrique," said Bertrand, looking for the first time towards the eage containing the parrot; "and I don't see how either of you can get me out of the trouble that has come on me!"

"But what is it!" asked Marguerite, anxiously. "You have not told us that."

"It is only that I am out of employment. In short, I have been discharged."

"Been discharged, and for what?"

"Because business is dull, and my employer has been compelled to dismiss half of his workmen."

has been compelled to dismiss half of his workmen."

"And you were among the number? But why didn't he keep you, and discharge somebody else in your place?"

"Because fate would have it otherwise. He told us fairly this morning that he could only employ a portion of us, and that as we were all good workmen, he was unwilling to choose between us, and we might settle it among ourselves."

"So we drew lots, and it fell to me to be discharged. So here I am, and what is going to become of us I don't know. The wrages I received were only enough to support us, and I have laid up nothing against time of need."

"But can't you get anything lest to do, fatier?" inquired Marguerite.
"I shall try, but business is dull everywhere, and I fear for the worst."
"Never say dei" sercamed the parrot, with emphasis.
"You see, father," said Marguerite, smiling

"Never any die!" screamed the parrot, with emphasis.

"You see, father," said Marguerite, smiling through her sadness, "that Henrique rebukes our despondency. Who knows but he may be right, after all. At least, we can trust and hope." They sat dawn to the table, Bertrand, Marguerite, and the parrot. The latter was perched on the back of a chair, and evidently considered himself quite as much a member of the parry as either of his companions.

"How much meal is there in the house!" asked the father, abruptly.

"And potatoes!"

"They will bast, prehape, as long."

"And that is all."

parrot, who apparently thought himself neglected by his young mistress.
"O, yes. Foor Henrique! I had almost forgotten you. You shall not go without your supper. Come, love."
And in obedience to her summons, Henrique

per. Come, love."
And in obedience to her summons, Henrique
perched upon her shoulder, and fed from her hand.
"Heaven grant," said Bertrand, as he pushed
back his chair from the table, after paraking
but sparingly of the viands that were spread before him, "that we may not make the same complaint with Henrique, and be unable to satisfy it."

plaint with Henrique, and be unable to satisfy it."

Betrrand's fears were not without foundation. He found employment as difficult to be obtained as he had foreseen. He made applications daily in different quarters, but was overywhere met with the same answer.

"Business is dull," they would tell him, and, what is worse, there soems no prospect of its improving at present."

Marguerite watched with anxiety the shadow on her father's face, which every day's ill success deepned. She cared far less for hereight han for him. Oftentimes the question would arise in her mind, "Why can I not be of service? I have strength, and can work as well as he." Her mother had taugh her to sew quite nearly, and she determined to seek employment of this kind. Accordingly one morning after she had cleared away the breakfast dishes, and swept the room carefully, so that not a crumb could be detected upon its surface, she set out with a firm resolution, though a faltering step, to the residence of the Countes of Lauriston, who had a magnificent chateau in the neighborhood. She proceeded to the back entrance, and inquired for the countes." "O, you would see the countess, would you?"

"O, you would see the countess, would you?"

dence of the Countess of Lauriston, who had a magnificent chactaen in the neighborhood. She proceeded to the back entrance, and inquired for the countess.

"O, you would see the countess, would you;" said the servant, mocking he." No doubt, you are one of her most intimate friends. But where did you leave your carriage, my fine lady? Visitors to the countess always come in their carriages, and send a footman to ring the bell, instead of coming to the back entrance themselves. I don't believe the countess is in, so you and better leave your card, Madame in Duchesse, and call again." "I'm not a lady at all," said she. "I'm only a poor little girl, who is trying to get a little sewing to do to support herself and her father in an honest way."

"O, you want to support your father, do you? Why doesn't he work himself?"

"So he would, if he could get any, but he has lost his situation."

"Well, no doubt, it was his own fault. But I can't was the real id ay."

"See the countess, indeed! As if she would deign to look at you?"

The door was closed, and Marguerite had nothing to do but to return home, more disheartesed than before.

On the way home her attention was drawn to we real the conversation of two gentlemen who were

The door was closed, and Marquerite had nothing to do but to return home, more disheartened than before.

On the way home her attention was drawn to the conversation of two gentlemen who were walking in front of her. They were speaking of parrots.

"Of all animals," asid one, "the parrot is the most wonderful for his faculty of imitating the human voice. He is assecutible of warm attachment, and equally strong aversion, and he peculiarly appropriate manner in which he sometimes employs the phrases which are taught him, would almost lead one to imagine that he is sequainted with their meaning."

"Yea," sadd his friend, "instances have been known where they have even been able to whistle-tenes. One, belonging to an Englishman, appeared to have an accurate ear for masie, and would beast time while it whistled; and if by chance it mistock a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred, and finish the tune with great accuracy."

"Sach a bird must command a large price," said the first speaker.

"Yes," was the reply, "it cost the owner no less than two thousand france."

Two thousand france for a parrot! To Marguerite it seemed a fortune. Doubtless, Henrique, though far inferior, would bring as much as a hundred, best she never thought of selling him. When Marguerite reached home, she found her father there before her.

"Yes, Marguerite! I have about given up the hope of employment. I have met with so many discouragements."

Marguerite did not uarrate the ill-success of her own application.

discouragements."

Marguerite did not narrate the ill-success of her own application. It would but add to her father's troubles, and these were great enough

already an appreciation. At would out and to nee father's troubles, and these were great enough aiready.

She went to the cupboard with the intent of preparing dinner. To her dismay she found that there were hardly enough provisions left even for that purpose. She concealed the anxiety which this fact awakened, and proceeded as usual. After dinner her father went out, not with any definite expectation of gaining any advantage therefrom, but because in his present state of mind he chose to be anywhere else.

In the meantime Marguerite had gradually determined upon a course which for a day or two would remove want from them. The next day was Sanday, and in the event of employment being obtained, nothing could be done until Monday. Meantime there was nothing in the house.

Marguerite had a pretty straw homet, which, before hard times came upon them, her father had purchased for her. It was the most reliable article of property which she could call her own—one which she had taken much satisfaction in wearing. But the time had come for her to part with it. Not far away there was a shop where second-hand articles of clothing were sold. Wrapping up the bonnet in a paper, and taking it under her arm, Marguerite benther steps thither. She was a little fluttered, not at the loss of her homet, for she had resigned herself to that, but at the unusual nature of the errand on which she had come.

not lend any additional charm to a face which nover had much to boast of.

She bent a scrutinizing glance upon Marguerite, and inquired in a harsh voice; "Well, what brings you here it"

"I would like to sell you this bonnet," said the young girl, taking it out of the paper in which is wearwhold.

"That i" said the old woman, affecting an air of contempt. "You can't expect to get much for such abonely thing as that."

Margueite is heart swelled, for she had thought it pretty. "Well, why don't you speak? What do you expect for it?"

"Five indlessicks! I couldn't get haif that for it. Mowerer, I'll take pity on you, and give you a france and a half."

"It's worth more."

"Well, if it's worth more, keep it."

And the old woman turned away.

Marguerite thought for a moment of her pressing necessity, and resolved to accept the offer. "I thought you'd come to it at last, and I'm afraid I shall lose by it. But that comes of being charitable," and the woman counted out the money into Marguerite's hands.

The young girl sped to the baker's and laid in a sufficient supply of food to last them over the Sabbath, and went home with a quick step, lest her father should detect her sheenee and suspect her errand.

The next morning when the bells were ringing for charb, Bettrand called to Marguerite to accompany him. She came out with the little cape bonnet, which she wore every day.

"Where is your straw bonnet, my child? Why do you not put it on?"

"I te me have my own way, for to-day," said Marguerite, everawicy].

"Very well, if you desire it. But I don't uncleastand it at all, for my part."

It could not be expected that the small sum which Margueite to devise some other plan in the course of a day or two.

Then her mind reverted to the conversation which she had beard as to the price of parrots, and though it cours her mind reverted to the conversation which she had beard as to the price of parrots, and though it cours her mind reverted to the conversation which she had beard as to the price of parrots, and though it cour

which Marguerite realized by the sale of her bonnet would last long. In fact, she found it necessary to devise some other plan in the course of a day or two.

Then her mind reverted to the conversation which she had heard as to the price of parrots, and though it cost her no trifling effort, she resolved to sacrifice Henrique, the only memorial of her absent brother, whom perhaps she might never again behold, to her stern necessity.

"It was during a morning walk that she finally decided upon this step. As she eatered the cottage, she cast a sorrowful glance towards the cage of Henrique, but what was her consternation to find the door open and the bird gone. In vain she searched the house, calling Henrique. He was nowhere to be found. He had, as she conjectured, taken the opportunity offered by her abhence and flown away.

She went out of the house acalled him by name a loud as she could, hoping that he would heed the call. In her abstraction, she did not heed an approaching carriage, and narrowly escaped being run over.

"Hold," said a female voice from within the carriage, "hold, little girl, you came near being killed by the hones. You must have been thinking of something very intently. What was it?" Marguerite looked up and with something of awe, recognized in the speaker the Countess de Lauriston.

"I was thinking of poor Henrique, whom I have lost."

"I was thinking of poor Henrique, whom I

"I was thinking of poor Henrique, whom I have lost."
"Henrique! Who is he? Your brother, I suppose."
"No, madam, it was a parrot that used to belong to my brother; it was the only thing I have left to remind me of him."
"Then you value him very highly?"
"Yes, madam, and yet I had resolved to part with him."
"Part with him? How is that?"
"You must know, my lady, that we are poor; my father and I, and lately he has been unable to find employment, and as I thought I might be a good price for Henrique, I thought to sell him. But on reaching home just now, I found him gone."

him. But on reaching home just now, I found him gone."
"Describe this parrot to me. Was he gray, with small eyes !"
"Yes, madam," said Marguerite, cagerly;
"Yes, madam," said Marguerite, cagerly;
"Not only that, but I have bought him within the hour."
"Bought him !" repeated the young girl, bewildered.

the hour."

"Bought him!" repeated the young girl, bewildered.

"It is but a little while since a boy brought him to the chateau to sell. I liked his appearance and bought him."

"He stole him without doubt," said Marguerite, indignantly. "How wicked he must be!"

"But as he is yours," continued the countiess, "I will restore him to you. Now tell me of this father of your. Who is he!"

"His name is Bertrand."

"Betrand ! I have heard of him. Does he know anything of gardening!"

"He was a gardener for some years."

"That is well. The post of assistant gardener is vacant on my estate. Would be like it?"

"Like it, madam, "sail Marguerite, gratefully."

"He will bleave you for it."

"The countess replied, "Let him report himself as soon as possible, and," taking a louis d'or from her pocket and handing it to Marguerite, withis shall ratify the appointment. You may come with me to the chateau and get your bird."

Joy filled the heart of Bertrand at this news, and plenty again crowned his board. Marguerite redeemed her bonnet, though Bertrand never knew that it went to the pawhorker. Henrique the parcot sits on his accustomed perch, and is associable as ever. Henrique himself, the missing brother, has returned to those who had so long mourned his absence, and throughout Frame.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES

hinks I now hear the forest's sad mosn, he last of my race, I am standing alone; owed one is left, as I gase on the plain, owe we're housted the deer, or danced o'er the slain. I thee farewell, my own native land, are I've reigned a proud warrior, the chief of my

Farewell to thee, now, with thy wavelets of blue, Thou swift rolling stream, where I've sailed my c No more shall I bathe in thy waters so clear, Thy murmurs so sweet, no more shall I hear. I go far away where the ocean waves awell— My own native stream, I bid thee farewell.

well, thou lone mount, with thy mantle of sz freat Spirit formed thee his altar below; ore on thy side shall I chase the wild deer, schoes no more shall sound on my car. te thee in sorrow, for scenes that are new— more, thou lone mountain, I bid thee adieu.

I leave thee, loved spot, for a far distant above, To make my last home where the sea billows rear Thou grave of my fathers, thou dear native mean A stranger from thee, henceforth I must ream. O, why does my heart with seek wild sorrow seel As I bid thee, forever, a mournful farewell!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CASTLE AND CRUCIBLE.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CRUCIBLE.

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ SAI before his crucible, and with a heavy brazen peatle he pounded up together a quantity of materials. The chamber which he occupied was situated in an upper story of a house in Heidelberg. It was small, and around its walls were hung many mysterious instruments. There were jars of grotesque shape, and strange utensils—there were retorts und stills, mortars and frances. These were all arranged loosely, and in some places lay all mingled in confusion. A brazier filled with burning coals stood upon a tripod beside him, and over it hung a vessel in which some substance was heating.

The adept himself was a venerable looking man. His head was covered with hodry hair, and his snow-white beard descending to his gifted grave him an air that inspired every beholder with awe. His dress was a long garment thrown loosely shout him, and a strange cap was placed about his head.

with awe. His dress was a long garmeat thrown loosely shout him, and a strange cap was placed about his head.

In another part of the chamber sat a young man not more than twenty-five years of age. He was also dressed in a goom similar to that of the alchemist, but his face and form spoke of one who had braved many dangers, and was still capable of meeting any with fortitude. He was poring over a strange manuscript, written in times long past, with mysterious figures marked along the margin. After a while he imparisently threw it down.

"Schwarts," said he, with the air of one used to command, "what is the use of all this? Schwarts," said he, with the air of one used to command, "what is the use of all this? Why need the adepts,—if there be anything virtue on account of its value that we take such pains to conceal our knowledge—to lock it up in such mysterious writings?"

"Ah, song," said he other, calmly, "it is on account of its value that we take such pains to conceal our knowledge from the evil gaze, or careless eye. When you have a jewel, you do not show it everywhere, but keep it safely, and expose it only to the few who can administ."

"Very well—but where is the dizir vitar, and where is the philosopher's stone? For a gest it has been sought after."

"We must still seek patiently for the great arconoms. Some have arrived near to it. I think—I hope—that there is one who, before he dies, will find it—"

"What Can you hope it?"

"I have discovered things as wonderful."

"As wonderful as the clizir vitar, and where is the clizir vitar, and where is the clizir vitar. What would you say jif I were to cut off your leg or the leg of an animal, without any pain to the subject?"

"Impossible! water and air burning?

sible! water and air burning!

Impossibles"

"We keep these things secret. I have found many myself. I tell them to none but a few who can also keep them. Besides, of what value are these, to the grand mystery of all?"

"If you can do all that you have said, then I may almost believe in the grand mystery. But I cannot believe it—water burn ! impossible?"

"S can, with a few grains of black sand, make thunder and lightning, which would blow this house in which we are, to a thousand pieces."

"You! a man! you, make thunder and lightning!"

"You's a man! you make thunder and lightning!"
"I can," replied Schwartz, with the same imperturbable calmness. "I am the first who found out the secret. But if you wish, I will satisfy your curiosity. Be attentive, Albert, and your wonder will be aroused."
So saying, he took down a jar from one of the shelves, which was tightly sealed.
"What is in it?"
"Nothing. Feel is—shake it. It is full of air. Watch while I take out the stopper."
He took it out, and turned the jar. Nothing came out. Ahert saw nothing; but a moment after Schwartz passed a lighted brand through the sir before the jar, and a vivid flash blinded the eyes of Albert; for what seemed the air which he breathed, had turned to fire with a hideous explosion.

the air can be consumed! Now look

"See—the air can be consumed! Now took at this!" said-Schwarz, taking another jar that was filled with liquid. What would you say if I were to burn it?"
"Burn it? Impossible!"
Schwarzt touched it with a brand, and instantly it flamed, it blazed furously and fiercely.
"What? holy virgin! the liquid burns!" cried Albert.

"Ah, son Albert, there are many wond sings in my science. I have shown you s

already. I can show you some more still. But hark! a knock. Some one comes." Schwartz went to the door, and opening it, admitted an aged man dressed in the costume of

admitted an aged man dressed in the-costume of a noble.

"Count Hohenfels—welcome! thrice welcome!" cried Schwarts, to his noble visitor. It did not expect you in my poor cell."

"How do you progress" "I have been supported by the found out the key to many prodigies of nature. I have discovered great things—to make—"
"But, no. I care not for them. How in the great one—the arcanuse—"
"I am cetting nearer to it. A week ago I

"But, no. I care not for them. How in the great one—the arozanus—"
"I am getting nearer to it. A week ago I had it, but the two liquids united and went off in fire. If I could but reduce that fire to solid—"
"You would have it?"
"I would; for you must know that gold is solid fire—the essence of flames—"
"You talk wildly—but I pardon it. Your adopts are always carried away by your secret atts. But I come here for the purpose of asking you to Stamberg, a small castle which belongs to me. I am going to the diet. My daugher and her maids, with a few soldiers, have left Hohenfells for the retirement of Stamberg,"
"O, thanks, thanks! I will find everything there, and can go at once. But I have one request. I wish this youth, my assistant, to go with me."
"By all means. You may bring a hund—a"

"By all means. You may bring a hundred!" cried Count Von Hohenfels, warmly.

"Thanks, thanks i" muttered Schwarts; and after a few more words from his visitor, who also examined some instruments carefully, the adept and his scholar were left alone.

CHAPTER II.

In the midst of a lovely country where the scenery on every side was grand and exalting in the extreme, stood the castle of Stamberg. It was small in size, and consisted of a square structure with a courtyard in the midst. There were no walls around it, but its fine massive front rose up high from the ground, and the structure was flanked at every corner by strong towers.

structure was finished at every corner by strong towers.

Hills rose up behind, but a deep gully intervened, whose steep sides consisted of a vast growth of tangled shrubbery of every kind, among which a tree occasionally rose. Beneath flowed a small torrent, which a few miles below widened and empited into the Rhine.

Before, lay an extended plain, covered with a dense forest. In clear and cultivated spots, the winding of a river might be seen, flowing on along the fertile borders, yielding gladness all around. The forest came up to within a mile of the castle, and then stopped, and lovely meadows, green fields, and avenues of stately trees appeared between.

Such was the situation of Stamberg, one of the smaller castles of the Count Von Hohenfels, and here his daughter had come to peas the time of his absence in enjoying the beauties of Nature, which lay all around. A small garrison of about thirty men were there as a garard, and these accompanied her when she went out, hovering near the trop trotect her from those dangers which in those days were of frequent occurrence. Upon such a scene did the Lady Adele gaze, as she looked forth from the uppermost terrace.

"How be caultiful" she cried. "How fresh

those days were of frequent occurrence. Upon such a seen did the Lady Adel gaze, as she looked forth from the uppermost terrace.

"How beautiful?" she cried. "How fresh the air is as it comes over youder distant hills?" As she spake the sun cast a shadow before her, and she turned.

"Ha, the young magician!" she exclaimed, while a slight blush mantled her face.
Albert bowed, and stood apart at a respectful distance.

Albert solven, and account of the first solven and account of the first solven and a solven as a fallen by my hands. But you will not hunt to-day?"

"Why not? I have not yet been outside the castle,"

"Why not? I have not yes men."

"Lady, there is danger. The Count Storlach hates your father. The castellain tells me that he is hovering about here."

"The Count Storlach! He would not dare—
"The Count Storlach! He would not dare—
by father is the Lord of Hobenfels. Youth, you have the spirit of a serf, and are a coward, in spite of your boasts."

A deep flush dyed the checks of Albert. He clenched his hands.

The lady turned away as though she would

clenched his hands.

The lady turned away as though she would not notice him. At length she spoke.

"Go tell the castellain to ge tready the men and arms, for I will have a boar hunt."

Albert bowed, and withdrew.

"A noble youth!" nurmared Adele, gazing at his retiring figure. "Who can be be ! He cannot be a base-born serf. How came he with the materia."

at his retiring figure. "Who can be be? He cannot be a base-born serf. How came he with the magician "
Perplexed by curiosity, she stood there, and at length departed to don her hunting garments.
Two hours clapsed, and at last the deep tones of the castle bell and the notes of the warder's horn summonded all to the hunt. Up went the porteallis, and wide flew the gates. The whole company departed, and the castle was left with but two defenders.

It was a gallant sight, as the hunting party rode rapidly down toward the plain. The Lady Adele was at the head. Beside her, and a little way behind, rode Albert. On they went, and disappeared behind a distant hill.

Soon the loud tones of a trumpet broke the silence, and proclaimed that the chase was started. Away they went. The boar ran with wondrous speed. Adele and Albert were close behind him, while the others were far away. Another was started. It ran toward the eastle, and the other hunters turned from the first to pursue the second.

and the other hunters turned from the first to pursue the second.

"Ha!" cried Albert, suddenly. "What's this? The boar is nowhere to be seen!"
"He ran behind yonder rock."
"Bat where is he now? Gone! I see him port."

"And where are my men?" said Adele, sud-denly, and for the first time turning to look.

"Men? why—by the holy virgin! they are all gone—the wretches!"

He seized his horn, and blew a loud, long blast No answer was returned, except the rustling of the wind among the forest trees, and the wild echo of the sound among meighboring rocks.

"Gone—truly. They have forgotten who is their mistress. This boar has seesaped us. We must return."

"How far may the eastle be from here, lady *!"

"Three miles. But sound your horn again. Some of my men may be near me."

Albert again sounded his horn. As the tones died away in the distance, the blast of another was heard close beside them.

Adde tarted.

"That is not one of the castle horns."

Again Albert blew his horn. As he took it from his mouth, a man at arms came riding round a projecting rock. He saw them and stopped.

round a projecting rock. He saw them and stopped.

"Storlach!" cried Adele.
Suddenly the man put spurs to his horse, and rode down swiftly, uttering a wild "hallon."

"Tis one of Storlach's men. See you not his arms!"

"Surrender!" cried the stranger, in a loud

his arms 1"

"Surrender!" cried the stranger, in a loud voice, shaking his spear at Albert.

"Surrender!" shouted Albert, scornfully.
"Dog! who are you that speaks thus 9"

The soldier rushed finriously at him. Albert wheeled his horse, escaped the blow, and the next moment his boar spear quivered in the soldier's heart. Ho fell, and as he touched the earth, another trumpet note was heard, and from behind the same rock a troop of horsemen came rashing down.

earth, another trumpet note was heard, and from behind the same rock a troop of horsemen came rushing down.

"Fly1 fly1" shouted Albert.

Away they went, with the speed of the wind. The horses of the two were of the finest Spanish breed, brought thence by Hobenfels, and they left behind them the infuriated fice. Is blowed them, and the hoarse voice of Storlach himself was heard commanding them to stop.

Albert turned, waved his bloody spear in triumph, and again fled toward the castle.

There it stood—but a mile away. The gates were open, but no man appeared upon the walls. Nearce—nearer they came. No men could be seen except the solitary warder.

Albert's heart beat with force anxiety.

"Holy virgin! The fool of a castellain and his men will be intercepted by Storlach," he murmured, as he saw far away a troop of the men of Adele. On they went. They approached the castle. They rushed in. Down went the portugilis, and swiftly the gates were closed by the strong hand of Albert.

"Great heaven!" cried Adele. "They have not come home, and Storlach.—"

"Fear not, lady!" cried Adlert. Fear not, but trust in Heaven. While I wield a sword, Storlach hall not enter."

"Alse! what can we do here?"

"The situation is strong."

"Bat. Storlach will know that there are no defenders."

"How? I The others may escape."

defenders."

"How? The others may escape."

"Impossible; but I will see."

They went to the top of the keep, and looked down. There appeared the men of Stamberg, pursued by Storlach. The troop of the latter numbered at least three hundred. The men of Adels fled far away, in the direction to Heidelberg. Albert and Adele watched them long. At last Storlach finding himself far from the castle, externed, and in about an hour the neareway. returned, and in about an hour the enemy were assembled on the plain below.

CHAPTER III.

THE VAULTS.

Schwarts, in his lonely chamber, knew nothing of all the events of the day. Evening was coming. The foe was at the castle, but the adept bent over his crucible and worked as before.

"Schwarts!" said a voice.

Suddenly turning, he saw Albert.

"Ah, you have come here at last, have you? The great secret has no charms for you."

"I have other business. Schwartz, the castle will be taken to-morrow. An enemy is before it. The Lady Adele will be carried off by a ruffian. If Nature has any valuable secrets, this is the time to show it. Think, Schwartz. Ponder over your stores of knowledge. Devise some plan whereby all these may be destroyed, or at least some way in which we may be saved."

Schwartz was silent.

"Ha! have you nothing? Foolish old man!"

"Ha! have you nothing? Foolish old man!
Of what avail is all your knowledge?"
"Peace, son. An enemy? The Lady Adele

"Feace, son. An enemy? The Lady Adele taken?"
"Yes, yes," cried Albert, impatiently.
"Albert, I have that which is powerful enough to send all these enemies to perfution."
"Have you?" cried Albert, in delight.
"Since my coming here, I have been making great quantities of the powerful substance. Did I not say I could make thander and lightning?"
"You did—but you cannot."
"See here, incredulous youth; this is the substance in which lies the power of the thunderbolt."

thunderbolt."

He took some black substance from a crucible mear him. Albert looked. He laid it upon the hable and touched it with a coal. A blinding flash, and a loud explosion followed.

"Albert, I have large quantities of this in the vaulte beneath. Count Hohenfels knows its power. I have shown it to him."

"Well."
"The enemy will attack us to-morrow. Tonorrow you shall see them all cold in death.
But take you the Lady Adele. Fly to yonder
seight on the other side of the gully. Be there
by dawn, and you shall see some of my power.
The warder shall stay with me. We will join

And the adept again turned to his crucible And the adept again turned to his crucible.
Through that night Schwarts and the warder
were busy in the vaults. They lay beneath the
courtyand of the castle. There were large vessels filled with great quantities of a strange,
black substance. It was the first time in many
years that the warder had entered here, for the
count was careful about the vaults, and never
permitted any one to visit them.

In front of the eastle, Storlach was encamped with his men. As he knew not the number of those within the eastle, he concluded to wait till morning and then make his attack.

Morning came. The first streaks of light ascended from the eastern horizon, and gradually the sombre shadows departed,—gradually the dawn came on. Upon the summit of a wooded height, on the other side of the gully, Albert and Adele stood. At midnight they had left the eastle, and from this hill they could gaze unseen upon the castle and the foc.

As the sun rose, a trumpet sounded in Storlach's camp, and soon all were in motion. The solidiers rose and domned their amon, and girded on their arms. Then, at the second signal, the whole troop marched in order toward the eastle, and the roop marched in order toward the castle. No one could be seen, either on the walls, or within any turret. Not a sound could be beard, onto the sligheste sign of life could be discovered.

"There is some trick here!" cried Storlach. "Be careful.—be wary, my men. Herald, do your duty."

"I summon this castle to surrender, in the name of Count Heinrich von Storlach, Lord of Storlach and Dowenstein."

No answer came. All was still.

Three times the herald sounded, and made his summons. Then Storlach grew impatient. "On, my soldiers! We will teach them the danger of despising us." With a loud shoat the whole toop poured through the gate into the courtyard. The inner castle doors were closed. Storlach shouted: "Open the doors!" No answer came. His men with their heavy halberds began to thunder upon them.

Four persons stood on the height beyond. Besides Albert and Adele, there was the old warder, and Schwartz. As the noise of the summons and the sounds of blows came to their cars, they gazed with intense anxiety.

"The bour is nearly up!" mattered Schwartz.

"Surely the fire has almost reached.—"

"Suddenly, with awful vividenses—as though a hurricane had burst upon them—with blinding, duazing brilliancey, burst forth a flash of light estimation, or the summons and th

Messengers were sent by Adele from Hohen-fels to her father. He returned, and when he heard of all that had passed, his gratitude and joy knew no bounds.

"And what, brave youth, can I give to you as a reward for delivering my daughter from Stor-lach? Speak!" said he, to Albert, who stood modestly apart with a large mantle wrapped around him.

modestity apart with a large mantle wrapped around him.

Albert walked up towards the beautiful Adele, who stood confused and auxious.

"Count Hilbert von Hohenfels, you think me a serf—a low-born vassal to some poor knight. I am not so. In me—" And as he spoke, the mantle was loosened from him. "In me you see Alberto Coloma—head of the most princely bouse in Italy!" The manule fell. "He was dressed in richest armor.

"Colomal you Colonnal an Italian!"

dressed in richest armor.

"Coloanal you Coloana! an Italian!"

"Even so. 1 had heard of the famous adept, Michael Schwartz, and came to Germany for the purpose of learning some of his science. I am soon to retarn. Count Hohenfels, you wish me to name my reward. Here is all I ask." And he took the willing hand of Adele.

"Take her, Coloana. Take her, and with her my blessing. You have won her. You deserve her, and the princely coronet of Coloana could not deck a fairer brow than that of my daughter Adele von Hohenfels.

Schwartz found not the dizir viter. Immortality he could not gain in the way he wished, but through the despised black substance he won everlasting fame, and immortality of another kind. For among the great names of the middle ages, none is more widely known than that of Michael Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder.

RECEIPT

FOR GETTING A NEW HAT.

A luxuriously farnished apartment. The lady is almost lost in the soft capshions of a large easy chair, and the gentleman reclines negligently upon a damask coach. Both are dressed in the extreme of fashion, and, as far as we can judge from outward appearances, nothing is wanting to produce their nutual feitig and happiness. But as we draw nearcr, the thought strikes that the lady's voice is a trifle too sharp, and the gentleman's tones not quite so bland and institutions. gentleman's tones not quite so bland and insir uating as they probably were before marriage Lest, however, we should do them wrong, le us endeavor to ascertain the purport of their

us endeavor to conversation.

"Another hat, is it! What with spring hats, under hats, autumn hats, winter hats, opera hats and riding hats, you'll ultimately drive me to bankuptely? Allow me to remark, Mrs. Sharp, that is is a most unreasonable request."

"Just the way you always talk when I make a modest demand upon your purse! Most husbands have the politeness to offer their wires money, but I'm obliged to beg for every cent I

get."

"A most outrageous untruth, Mrs. Sharp!
Last week I certainly gave you an hundred dollars without being asked."
"And what if you did! What is a hundred dollars!"

"More than you can afford to spend in a week in buying knick-knacks which you do not

need. Money is close, I repeat again, and this reckless extravagance must be stopped; do you hear—I say it must be stopped!"
"You can't frighten me, Mr. Sharp—I've heard you talk after that fashion too many times. But I must and will have one of those beauties at Madame B.'z; so becoming and only two your beard you talk after that fashion too many times. The lady's voice suddenly fell several tones, and the soft, persuasive cadences were in agreeable contrast to the shrill, dictatorial ones of the previous moment.
"Ver well done, very well done, Mrs. S.

assecontrast to the shril, dictatorial ones of the previous moment.

"Very well done, very well done, Mrs. S.; but I can't be coaxed: I'm going to have my way for the time to come."

"Will you give me the money?"

"No: I haven't it to spare."

"You're a brute, Mr. Sharp."

"Thank you."

"I'll get a divorce."

Here the voice forgot its persuasiveness, the face flushed with anger, and the eyes sparkled with something akin to passion.

"Do, my dear—the soonen the better."

"You're a—a—"

Before the lady fixed upon the right word, the door was thrown open and a servant amounced flushed."

Kins. Sharp looked significantly at her source the sady lixed upon the right word, the door was thrown open and a servant announced Mrs. Sly. Mrs. Sharp looked significantly at her hasband, muttered something about a "tedious bore and a tiresome creature," and in an unastingly short space of time wreathed the aforesaid face in smiles, and ran to meet the new comer whom ahe greeted with an affectionate kirs. Reader, we thought of the kiss of Judas, and drew our own deductions; you can do the same.

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear Mrs. Sly! I M's quite an age since you gave us a call."

call."
"Only last week, I believe," returned the

"Last week was it—well, it really seems a long time," resumed Mrs. Sharp, with the sweetest of smiles. "Husband and I frequently wish that you would favor us with your company oftener. We were just asying as you came in, that —"
"Yes, Mrs. Sly, your presence is particularly agreeable at this time," added the gentleman, "for, although matrimotial tete-st-tea may be very agreeable once in a while, they may possibly become dull and monetonous."
"There's where I agree with you; for I usually feel very sleepy and stupid when Mr. Sly and myself are left alone. But, apropos, my dear Mrs. Sharp, I called for you to go with me and examine the new case of hast which Madame B. has just opened; they have the most beautiful forms I have seen this season. I have set my heart upon having one."
"I will accompany you with much pleasure, but I fear the temptation will be too strong to withstand. I had half made up my mind to wear my old hat another mouth, but husband its own actions that I should have all the novelties, that he has persuaded me against my better judgment, to purchase a new one. Say, Mr. Sharp, do you still advise no to make myself happy with one of those hats?" asked Mrs. Sharp, in her own irresistible way.
"Certainly, my love, certainly! You know I like to see you well dressed," replied the genindmen, who did not dare make a different rejudgment, to did not dare make a different rejudgment, but and at the moment her eyes were fixed steadily upon him.
"Bralley has some elegant mantillas," continued the visitor, as Mrs. Sharp entered, pre-pared for her walk. "I shall want your help in selecting one."
"Bralley has some elegant mantillas," continued the visitor, as Mrs. Sharp entered, pre-pared for her walk. "I shall want your help in selecting one."

"I wish my husband was half as indulgent as yours," remarked Mrs. Sly, when they were in the street. "Now what you gained by the mere asking, I am sometimes obliged to tease for a month. Not that Mr. Sly is navilling to gratify any reasonable want, but he has an old-fashioned way of thinking that the same hat might last two seasons."

ed way of thinking that the same hat might last two seasons."
Mrs. Sharp smilled, and Mrs. Sly sighed; the latter had no key to unlock the mystery.
Mrs. and Mrs. Sharp passed, in the eyes of the world, as a most devoted and affectionate couple; the lady was pronounced amiable and faccinating, and the gentleman good-humored and generous. Common report said that if ever unalloyed happiness was experienced by mortals, Mrs. and Mrs. Sharp were the fortunate recipients of such bliss. But also, things are not always what they seem; people change their faces as they change their garments. The mere exterior, at the present day, denotes little or nothing, and we are quite ignorant of a person's domestic relations, though he or she may be affable in the street, or brilliant and agreeable at an evening party. Essibion may parade ber an evening party. Fashion may parade her specious outside before the world, but she can-not deceive those who have looked into her abodes, and seen the contention and hollow-heartedness that often reside there.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.—"Well, Chariotte, now you have decided upon the brocade,
what lace do you mean to trim it with ?"
"Way, Amelia, I really don't know—what do
you think ?"

"Way, Ameila, I really don't know—what do got thin's consent the control of the

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

C—The terms of Tax Flats or orn Union are \$2.00 per annual control of the true paid for. See impoint on the time paid for. See impoint on the lost page.

**a All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be paper, must be paper. See Tax See Tax

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"To a Forest Bird."
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"Yound's Love," here, by Dariel C. Loque.
"Woman's Love," hier, by Dariel C. Loque.
"Loe Friendablp," in veess.

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Morning," "Summer's Advent," "Cheerly, Cheerly,
Youth," "Louis Napoleon," "The Parrot," "Foreign

ISLAND OF CURA.

"South," "I took Napoleon," "The Parrof, " Feedge Segoars."

IBLAND OF CUBA.

Shrewd observers of passing events have long since foreseen the present state of affairs between Spain and this country. The accumulated installs heaped by the minions of that imbecile natice upon our citizens, the constant and repeated insulate to our flag, and the heavy injury to our commerce that she has proved, have all been compressed to the power of Spain further to insulate the state of the control of the control of the power of Spain further to insulate injure us. No other nation on the face of the globe would so long have borne another's piratical depredations, and reiterstated injuries. Nature gave the island of Caba to this country, and it has already too long been permitted to be relied, abused and tyramized over by the weakest and most unprincipled nation of Christendom. England and France, but sepecially the former government, have always looked with a jealous and longing eye towards this Island; and it is not many years since the proposition was openly made in the Hritish parliament, to scize it from Spail, on some trivial pretext, to fortify it still more strongly, and to hold it as English derritory. Now, England proposes to intervene between this government and Spain touching this island. Ever officious, and jendous of our growing strength and prosperity, the cannot bear to see this outpost of our shores, which commands so large a share of our commerce fall into our hands. But Congress will permit no intervention of England, nor will this government longer put up with wrongs that so loudly call for redress. The land of Caba must belong to the United States. Not time is to be lost, delay it from month to month, and the state of the commence of the proper states. Not time is to be lost, delay it from month to month, or will this government longer put up with wrongs that so loudly call for redress. The land of Caba hours, before England and France our commands and a rast amount of bloodshed saved; delay it from month to

an have either excuse or time to mingle them-elves in the contest, and it will be but a blood-ses victory, comparatively speaking. Besides, England and her allies have just and enough to o in the Baltic and Black Sea to keep them

busy. We have reasoned long enough; we have borne insult, contumely, and all manner of wrongs from Spain, until disgrace has rust-like gualtered on our exeutheron, and now the time has come for washing out the blot. Let Caba be at once taken; the time has come for action, and words are but empty and meaningless.

SINGULAR

SINGULAR.

A human body in a perfect state of petrifaction, has been dug up in Cincinnati. The Cincinnati Enquirer thas speaks of it. "This extraordinary specimen of the human race is a male, about five feet seven inches in length. The hair is cut very short, and seems to heave been shaved in several parts, as its formation is perfect, and appurently uninjured by time. The face is singularly formed, differing in shape and expression from any of the races of the present age. What is more remarkable, the body is perfect in all its parts, every muscle, fibre and since being perfectly developed. The color is a light gray approaching that of a white man, though this may have been caused by the soil in which it has been buried, perhaps for ages."

in which it has been buried, perhaps for ages."

THE ISSANE AND INITIC.—The last census furnished the whole number of insane and dilotic persons in the various States of the Union. The aggregate number is 31,494, of which 15,768 were insane and 15,706 idiotic. Of the insane persons, 14,972 were white, and 638 colored; and of the idiotic, 14,237 were white, and 1530 colored. Maryland has 546 insane, and 391 idiotic; Virginia 570 insane, and 1182 idiotic; and the District of Columbia 23 insane, and 13 idiotic.

Nautical.—A young lady, says one of our exchanges, remarked to a male friend, that she feared she would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered, "! Probably—but I'm sure you would make an excellent mate."

NAHROW ESCAPE—A man recently purchased a link of sansage "long drawn out," and was nearly choked to death by a piece of brass collar, marked "Elio." How the collar got into the sansage, is the question?

BIIDS AND FLOWERS.—Wherever there is a cottage with a flower at the window, or a birdeage at the door, the in-dweller is comparatively happy, and generally moral in proportion.

For Liberta.—Seventy-six slaves from Kentucky and Missouri have arrived in Baltimore, intending to embark for Liberia.

SHIP-BUILDING.

Beyond a doubt the "Universal Yankee Nation" is alward of all there is of creation" in the matter of ship-building, both as to amount of tonnage, speed and general excellence of construction. From recent official reports of the treasury department, it appears that the amount of shipping build in the United States in 1830 is 295 ships, 95 brigs, 861 tebooners, 394 sloops and cannt boats, and 271 stemers; showing an aggregate of 1710 vessels, amounting to 435,572 tons. Of this amount, the States producing them, were as follows:—Maine, 331 vessels, 18,916 tons; New Tork, 290 vessels, 83,224 tons; New Tork, 290 vessels, 83,224 tons; New Tork, 290 vessels, 83,224 tons; Connecticut, 67 vessels, 9225 tons; New Hampshire, 10 vessels, 866 tons; Kenucky, 30 vessels, 8582 tons; New Jersey, 58 vessels, 7107 tons; Virginia, 40 vessels, 9295 tons; Delaware, 33 vessels, 3445 tons; Mode Island, 11 vessels, 3170 sins; District of Columbia, 42 vessels, 2743 tons; District of Columbia, 42 vessels, 1930 tons; North Carolina, 22 vessels, 1845 tons; Chiffornia, 2 vessels, 1846 tons; Ullinois, 9 vessels, 1188 tons; Vermont, 2 vessels, 1981 tons; Colifornia, 2 vessels, 150 tons; Tennessee, 1 vessel, 45 tons. From this it appears that Maine takes the banner in the basiness. On the second "Wiley ships," Massachusetts will put her foot forward for the honors.

OMER PACHA'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

OMER FACHA'S DOMESTIC LIFE

The domestic life of Omer Pachs, the Turkish commander on the Danube, who is a Croatian by birth, and has passed through every subordinate grade in the army to his present proud position, is very far from being tainted with the debauchery that is generally attributed, and often falsely, to the private condact of the Moslems. He has had no more than two wives, and though he was allowed to have them contemporaneously, he did not marry the second until after his divorce from the former. This was a Turkish woman, daughter of an Aga of the Janissaries, who died in 1827, and was a pupil of his protector, Koscrew Pacha. Emancipated from the severe restraint of the harem to the liberty of European customs, she abused it, and forced her husband to a separation. The second is a European, and was a very young maid, of a mild and wittuous character, when he saw her first, and married her at Bucharest, where she was exercising, at fourteen years of age, the profession of a teacher of the plane-forte. She is from Cronstadt in Transylvania, and her name is Anna Simonich. He has no offspring, but a natural daughter, born of an Arabias ladve in Syria. A male child, the fruit of his new marriage, died at four mombs of age, crustled under a carriage, upset in the passage from Travnich to Sarakevo. Hahaa, therefore, as yet, no probability of being remembered in his adopted country but by his deeds.

PRICE OF A FLOGGING. — The following tory, illustrative of Yunkee acquisitiveness, is acquisitiveness, 18 acquisitiveness, 18 acquisitiveness, 18 achools in PRICE OF A PLOGGING.—The Intolowing story, illustrative of Yankee acquisitiveness, is related by the Pawtucket Chronicle. It appears that the teacher of one of the public schools in that place was about to punish one of his pupils for some offices, when the youngster made good his escape. The teacher offered a reward of twenty-five cents to have the culprit brought back. The incipient Yankee heard of the offer before he was taken, and at once sent word by his informant that he would "return and take the licking, if the teacher would pay him twelve and a half cents, cash down!"

Black Sea.—An officer on board one of the vessels of the allied fleets writes: "The scenery along the southern coast of the Black Sea is beyond description; mountains of supendous height literally covered with snow, with immense forests of pine trees prortuding, which, owing to the excessive clearness of the atmosphere, appear to be close to you, though, in fact, fifty or sixty miles distant. The loveliest weather you can possibly imagine; not a cloud to be seen, and perfectly calm."

GOING TO LAW.—In the Supreme Court at Ipswich lately, Joseph P. Woodbury es. Asa Sawyer, was tried. The defendant leased a planing mill at East Boston of the planinif, and for sandry alleged short-comings, the latter sued him for \$40,000 damages. The jury took a dif-ferent view of the matter, awarding him one coat.

Biography of Horra Ballou.—A new edition of this work, by the editor of "The Flag of our Union," has just been issued by the publisher. Any person, by enclosing one dolar to Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, will receive a copy of the biography, embletished with a fine steel engraving of Hosea Ballou, postope free.

Sab.—A little girl eight years of age, died in Newark from convulsions brought on by jump-ing rope four hundred times in succession. The movement of the muscles of the limbs, as in jumping continued without cessation forty-eight hours, until the sufferer was released by death.

Extraordinary.—The latest case of "ab-sence of mind" was that of a young woman in Portland, who was sent by her mother to buy a pair of new shoes, and instead of buying them, married the shoemaker.

PANAMA RAILWAY.—There were at the latest dates, five thousand men engaged at work on the Panama Railroad; that force would be kept at work until the track is finished to Panama.

HENPECKED HAPPINESS.—All men are hap-ter for being henpecked, providing their wives re clever enough to keep the secret.

A CHANCE FOR EPICURES.—A Chinese mer-chant at Sacramento City, Cal., advertises among other delicacies, "dried worms for soup."

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Rich quickailver mines have lately been discovered in St. Louis Rancho, California.

Brandy, in Bolivia costs St per bottle, and ale sells at \$2 a bottle. No need of the Maine law!

The Alabama Legislature have refused to grant State aid to the building of railways.

In the gold diggings of California the major part of the people are miners.

The work on the new Custom House at Mobile, has been commenced.

Wm. H. Curtis, a young man, has been convicted of grand larceny in New York, lately.

No amount of haste will overtake the last hour. A good maxim.

Benjamin Beal of Milton, Mass., committed suicide in that town a few days since.

The Cashmere goas has been successfully introduced and bred in South Carolina.

The price of Russia hemp is now 20 cents per pound; Manilla, 19 cents.

Five sous of George A. Turknett died in

troduced and bred in South Carolina.

The price of Russia hemp is now 20 cents per pound; Manilla, 10 cents.

Five sons of George A. Turknett died in Jacksonville, Flan, in one week, of scarlet fewer. The man who pledged his word and honor, has lost the docket.

Louisville, with a population of 70,000, has but one place of public amusement.

There are half a million more females than males in Great Britain.

The schooner Ardelia was lost on Lake Ontario a few days since, and the crew drowmed.

There are in Paris eighty-thousand freemacons. The grand-master is Prince Murat.

Reservoir means literally a place where anything is reserved or kept.

Luke Curtis of Windsor, N. H., has been indied for the marder of his father by poison.

The foundation of the new Opera House in New York, is already laid.

Nearly a million dollars worth of property has been shipprecked on the Bahamas, recently.

It is understood that sanguinary skirminhes occur daily on the Danabe.

Sugar manufactured in Portland, Me., is now shipped to the British Provinces.

Sugar manufactured in Portland, Me., is now shipped to the British Provinces.

LOW FARES.

It was a favorite and popular theory with the public, sometime ago, and is still urged in many quarters, that the cheaper railroad fares are made the greater will be the profits, in consequence of the increased impetus to travellers which low fares produce. This theory, however plausible it may appear, is exactly the reverse of fact, as is proved by the experience of the Massehusetts railroads. The railway lines which have carried passengers for a cent a mile, or undertaken to compete with water communication in transporting freight or passengers, have done a losing business, and the greater their gross income, the greater has been their net loss. The long lines do not earn enough, in some cases, to pay the interest upon their honds. The increased expenditure upon roads so largely travelled, is found to be enormously disproportioned to the receipts, but this is a fact which never enters into the public calculation. Experience, has also proved that railroad fares are often too low for the safety of travellers, companies not being able to put their roads in that condition, and have such attendance upon them, as would give security to travel. LOW FARES.

RAPIDITY OF ELECTRICITY.

In the original experiments, by Prof. Wheatstone, to ascertain the rapidity with which
electricity is transmitted along copper wire, it
was found that an electric spark passed through
a space of 285,000 miles in a second. It has
been determined that the rapidity of transmission
through iron wire is 16,000 miles a second,
whilst it does not exceed 2700 in the same
space of time in the telegraph wire between
London and Brussels, a great portion of which
is submerged in the German Ocean. The retardation of the force in its passage through insultated wire immersed in water, is calculated to
have an important practical bearing in effecting
a telegraphic communication with America, for
it is stated by Professor Faraday that in a length
of 2000 miles, three or more waves of electric
force might be transmitting at the same time,
and that if the current be reversed, signals sent
through the wire might be recalled before arriving at America.

ing at America.

A Heroine.—Romantic young men have lately read with delight an account of an Asiatic female raising a regiment of soldiers, and marching to defend her country from the Russian invaders. Everybody, of course, imagined that she was young, dashing and handsome, a second Joan of Are, and just the girl to fall in love with. But some one writing from Constantinople gives the following account of the Asiatic warrior woman:—"Fatime Hanen has arrived at Constantinople with 600 horsemen as her suite. She is an old woman of about 60 years of age, of a very withered appearance, and very like a gipty."

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The California papers report a revival of the Chinese immigration into that State. A Dutel-ship, the fais, had just arrived at San Francisco, with nearly 500 Chinamen on board, and reported three other vessels at Hong Kong taking in passengers when sailed. Two ships had already left previous to the Isis, with full complements of passengers.

to the ins, with an compenients of passengers.

RIDICULOUS.—A trial is now going on in
Wettel county, Vinginia, for a murder committed in 1850. The evidence is based upon the
testimony of a man who met a ghost in the
woods several times, which informed him that
"Mr. Mercer," was the murderer.

ALTOGETHER LIKELY.—Dubbins is taking ssons in drawings; he thinks he can "draw a oree" easier with a pencil, than with one of 'erham's gift tickets.

CONVERSATIONAL TRUTH.—Women never re of talking about babies, and men about

A VALUABLE RECRIPT.—How to Print and then to Publish—Kiss, and don't tell.

GLEASON'S PIOTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

"The Alchemist: a Tale of Venice," by H. C. Panss.
"The First Wife," a story, by Dr. J. H. Rosinson.
"Makel and her Canary," a sketch, by Rev. Hz

sia and the Russians," No. 7, by D. E. DE LARA, lows," lines, by George W. Dewey. us Brutus Booth," a poem, by G. C. Howard, scence," lines by Existin R. B. Walddo. fary Aver," stanzas, by John R. Goodwin.

ILLUSTRATIONS

week's number contains, first, one of our mont entations, being a picture of farm work for May representations, being a picture of farm work for May.

A group of Cytage Bhace Illustration, occupying two
pages, giving, first, a view of Coppiands's Statusction of London
and Inachus; second, wo untakary Jimutrations of Childdran sporting with Geats; librit, an ornamental group of
beautifully designed plate of gold and silver, fourth, and
sometimely designed plate of gold and silver, fourth, and
tith, two artistic patterns of Ornamental Tables; and,
sith, Le Chemen's design of the Engle and Child.

A view of Major Enstwick's mansion at Kiniessing, near
Philolologica.

A representation of Old Teonderoga, from the foot of Mount Defiance, a celebrated spot during the Revolution-ary and the old French Wars. A picture of the Forest of Park.

A picture of the Toucan, and also of the Hedge-Spar-row, together with a large representation of the Cassowary of New Holland.

A portrait of Miss Burdett Coutts.

A picture of a Female Water-Carrier of Venice.

An emblematic representation of the Angels of Sieep

a The Pictorizal is for sale at all the Periodical Dup
in the United States, at all counts per copy.

Foreign Items.

The price of land rises in Ireland. There is great competition for land in Galway.

A great masted festival is to be held at Manich, in the course of the early autumn.

There is not one room in one hundred in Paris that has a carpet on it. The floor is made of brick, laid down generally in large squares.

One of the most convenient new inventions is the speaking tube of gutta percha. In London the speaking tube of gutta percha. In London can like it is length, without not rived with a tube seven miles in length, without properties of the properti

miles in length, with entire success.

A primose having been taken to Australia in a covered glass-case, and arrived there in fall bloom, the sensation it excited as a reimisence of "fatherland" was so great that it was necessary to protect it by a quart.

By a return presented to the British House of Commons out to 12th ult., it appears that the vessels wrecked last year belonging to the United Kingdom were 381, of which 589 were salling vassels, and 12 steam vessels. The tonnage was 130,71 at 150 at

120,714. Agrand concert is to be given in Vienna, to calebrate the nuprials of the emperor; 1000 arcsiderate the nuprials of the principal piece performed viil beyond. The principal piece performed viil beyond. Melanumer Sight's Dream," under the direction of Herr Hellmesberger.

Engines of 3000 horse-power are now being constructed at Birmingham, England, for a new "paddle and server "inn steamer of 3200 tons, which is expected to make the passage to India in thirty days. To effect this, she will have to average over 500 miles per day.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.—Coleridge.
Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—Cotton.
Every natural action is graceful.—R W.
Emerson.

Charity—Gently to hear, kindly to judge. Shakspeare

Me that sips of many arts drinks of none Fuller. It requires greater virtues to support good han had fortune,—La Rochefoucauld,

nan bad fortune.—La Rochejoucauld.

Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are pectacles to read nature.—Hare.

Liberality consists less in giving profusely, han in giving judiciously.—La Brugere.

than in giving juanciously.—La Brugere.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost

Zacharias forty weeks' silence.—Fuller.

It is a species of agreeable scrvitude, to be
under an obligation to those we esteem.—Queen

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer ensure which is useful to them, to praise which leceives them.—La Rochefoucauld.

The way to wealth is as plain as the road to arket. It depends chiefly on two words—dustry and frugality.—Frank in.

moustry and frugality.—Frank in.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that descrees to be laughed at "-Greeille.

Those that are good manners at the court are ardiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.—Slaksperre.

Those who have nothing else to recommend them to the respect of others but only their blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and vapor, and you are sure to hear of their families and relations every third word.—Charrox.

Joker's Budget.

The simplest cake—a cake of ice.

Proving a Will—Telling a man you'll kick
him, and doing it.

The Overland Male—Any man that goes up
in a balloon!

When is a lady not a lady? When she is a tle sulky.

ttle sulky.

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the sible! Knee-high-miah.

There is but one step from the Sublime Porte of the Old Nicholas.

An exchange says, "On the outside will be found a man frozen to death."

und a man frozen to death."

Thomas wants to know why the British fleet ras sent to Beikos Bay? Beikos it was.

The man who "threw up" a bargain came car having his hat smashed when it came

own.

If the Bible was a weekly journal, how many minunications would it receive, signed—" A onstant reader?"

sourcout and postoos."

Palmerston, in consequence of his strong advocacy of Turkey, goes by the name of "The Judicious Bottle-floider of the Porto."

Why are the theatrical nights of California likely to prove very dark ones? Because so many stars have gono ut there.—Boston Post.

"I would advise you to put your bead into a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy to the put your beat into a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy to the put of th

Quill and Scissors.

Hendrickson, who was recently executed at thany for the nurfer of his wife, left a letter than the second of any knowledge whatever of the use of his wife's death. He not only affirms sown innocence, but says he did not know hat aconire was, and had no reason to doubt at his wife died a natural death.

Boston, and that is my last appearance on any stage.

Know Minner—This noeley diese further Know who Mesowic Featurity; see all Samuel, xx. ii.—"And with Absalom went two handred men out of Jernaslem, that were called—and they went in their simplicity, and they Kneen or ongoling."

A traveller real in the erran that mean first wind Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great matter in it, "for," cays he, "we ran, and they ran after us." A plous old fady was asked why hen named her dog Moreover. "Why," said site, putting "it's a Bible amme, here; "shoroover the dog came and licked his stores."

came and licked his sores."

Few persons have any idea of the extended to the came of the

Prospect Mist, by a young me.

The latest improvement in omnibusses, is the bard nod-the centre being sufficiently dereated being in the centre. It is a great saving of last.

The city of Rome is, at this day, upplied with water by an aqueduct thirty-eight miles long, built in the time of the Emperor Nero-some two thousand years ago.

John Adams, second President of the United States, died July 4th, 1826. His last words were, "It is the glorious Fourth of July! God bies it—God biess you all."

bless it—God bless you all."

A marine insurance company, at Cadis, on took the Virgin Mary into formal partnershi covenanting to set aside her share of profits it the enrichment of her shrine in that city.

The fellow who got three sheets in the vin will go to house-keeping when he secure it fourth. He finds them much cheaper than the inte thry goods stores.

The meaning of the word ultra, is to go! The meaning of the word ultra, is to go! you are not share the share the

The Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace have decided to fix the price of admission at all times and on all occasions, at twenty-five cents.

A child of Caleb Waite, of North Chelsten by a mad dog a month since, died drophobia on the 21st ult.

nyurophobia on the 21st ult.

Barrow says there are in England and Scot-land, 1,800,000 houses, each containing 2000 cubic feet of masonry.

In the original Saxon, the word "neighbor" means a boor, or countryman, living nigh; a nightboor.

The Earl of Donoughmore has this season nt out thirty of his tenants with their families

America.

The trade at Holland is in a state of stagnation consequence of the warlike movements.

a consequence of the warlike movements. Lord Byron was born in England in the year 788, and died in Greece, in 1824. The little city of Rome, Georgia, was lately ubmerged by a flood. The late frosts did severe damage to the oning cotton in Florida.

young cotton in Florida.

Thirty-five thousand is estimated to be the population of Milwaukee.

Louisville, Kentucky, has now in operation a city railroad.

Wine is now made to considerable extent in Connecticut.

Marriages.

In this city, by Ker, Nr. Streeter, Mr. Charles W. Carpetiter to Miss Anna Merico.

In Head of Miss Anna Merico.

In Charlestown, Mr. Sanued B. Church to Miss

Anna Miss Anna Merico.

In Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Fillis, Mr. Charles O.

Missiance to Miss Gine E. Dane.

Malles.

Miss.

Miss.

Miss.

In West Charlestop, by Rev. Mr. Illil. Mr. Januar W.

Miller.

Miss.

Miss.

Miss.

Miss.

Miss.

In West Charlesky, by Rev. Mr. Illil. Mr. Januar W. in Canbridge, Mr. Jonnet C. Dickinson to Miss Mary S. Wilson.

Charles C. Charles, P. Rev. Mr. Lill, Mr. James I. Wright to Mas Angeline A. Blaisdell.

Wright to Mas Angeline A. Blaisdell.

However, Mr. Livermone, Mr. Joseph B. Lin Malden, Dr. Herr Mr. Livermone, Mr. Joseph B. Lin Allougen, by Rev. Mr. Howland, Mr. James F. Beal in Market, Mr. Herrich Mr. James F. Beal in Market, Mr. M. Waller, Mr. Benjamin P. Bennett to Miss Sarah H. Britant, Mr. Davis, Mr. Edward S. Rosewood Nalles And Ellis Rogers.

In Science to Miss And Blais Rogers.

In Science, by Rev. Mr. Chopp, Mr. George M. Whipple In Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Derforth, Mr. Adan F. Pertry to Miss Lexins A. Whilsker.

Petrig to Miss Lexins A. Whilsker.

In Manchester, by Rev. Mr. Derforth, Mr. Adan F. Welley Mr. Mr. Scharte to Miss Mary J. M. Lindon, A. Whilsker.

In Charles Mr. Lin D. Rev. Mr. Ferrandd, Mr. Charles Lexing of Mr. Marchester, and Mr. Charles Mr. Charle

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Ramanh Hayward, 71; Mrs. RattiWilnie, 79 (Mrs. Chrome), W.M. Hobor Chiley,
71; Miles Many Patterson, 46; Mrs. Am B. Bartlett,
71; Miles Many Patterson, 46; Mrs. Ann B. Bartlett,
71; Miles Many Patterson, 46; Mrs. Ann B. Bartlett,
71; Miles Many Patterson, 46; Mrs. Ann B. Bartlett,
71; Miles Many Patterson, 46; Mrs. Ann B. Bartlett,
71; Miles Many Patterson,
72; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
72; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
73; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
74; A. Chambridge,
74; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
74; A. Chambridge,
75; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
74; A. Chambridge,
75; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
74; A. Chambridge,
75; Mrs. Samuel K. While,
76; Mrs. Chambridge,
76; Mrs. Johnson,
77; Mrs. Johnson,
78; Mrs. Johnson,
79; Mrs. Johnson,



IN MEMORIAM.

The rain falls on the grave, my friend— The gentle min of early spring— And here I sit in gloom abone, White night's dark shadows round me cling; The solenn sense of mightly grief La resting on my painted heart, for thou art gone, and years may roll Ere I can see the as at thou art!

one little year ago, and thou
Wert fall of life and 50y as I;
but now beneats the cypress' shade,
Thy mouldering limbs in slumber lie.
God rest thee, sheper:—neveranore
Will earth-case press upon thy scal,—
for it has found in yonder heaven
Its home, its altar, and its goal.

0, never did I think to know
That day of dark despair and gloom,
When I should see thy well-loved form
Arrayed in gaments for the tomb:
And feel that thy pure, soul-full eyes
Would not we again look into mine,
Or that my faithful, yearning breast
Its deep affection must resign:

And yet, thy memory cheers me on Through all these dreary, changing For oft thy features come to me In steeping or in waking dreams; Thy voice of wondrous much, too, How out its accente do I bear! While find remembrance brings to my The form now sleeping on the bler.

The rain falls heavily and sad Upon thy distant grave, my friend, While wailing goes the routhern wind Among the trees that o'er thee bend; And I am here alone—done—

slated from the French for The Flag of our

THE PAGAN'S TOWER. A LEGEND OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

About the commencement of the reign of Louis VIII., who, placed in the chronology of the kings of France, between his father, Philip Angustus, and his son, Louis IX, has no other glory than that which he borrows from the light received from them there, lived in the territory of Marly, a worthy and brave gentleman of the name of Gaillaume Bernard, Sire de Fontenilles. He might have taken a more pompous title, for he was of great and noble race, but he dared nor, for three principal reasons.

The first was, that as yet he was only a squire and not a knight; this was the least of the three reasons; the second was, that the reigning king might have told him that he casayed to resuscints a mane and a title which the deceased king had wished extinct forever; the third was, that several things were wanting to enable him to live in a manner suitable to his illustrious origin. He was so poor that the little chateau of Fontenilles, his only patrimony, hough it had been built searcely a hundred years, threatened ruin on all sides, while he had not the means to repair the damages; so poor, that he had invited his serfs to purchase their liberty, and sold it to them at the lowest price; so poor, that the officers at tached to his person or to the superintendence of his property, his falconer, his steward, his intendant, were only three peasants remaining at the glebe, the only servants who belonged to him and who, notwithstanding their official functions, real sinecures, fulfilled others, less honorated at least to the fullest extent. To the falconer was given up the care of the poolury-yard, the hop-pen and the stables; to the steward, that of the cooking, the baking, and the general sweeping of the house. In their leisure, they had for pastime the cultivation of a few acres of I and and vines which, as dependencies, still surrounded with a verdant girdle the chateau of Fontenilles.

acres of land and vines which, as dependencies, still surrounded with a verdant girdle the chateas of Fontenilles.

As for the intendant who had been named Consto Cuisso, in consequence of a slight lame-ness with which he was afflicted, exempt from the rude labor of the fields, nearer the person of his master, he took care of his wardrobe and his armory, served him at table, carried his messages and did his errands, which did not prevent him, when the time for harvest or vitanges came, from helping the two others in threshing the corn, winnowing the grain, weaving baskets, hooping casks; taking upon himself meanwhile all that appertained to the winter provisions, the preservation of the vegetables, the salting of the mean, and especially the administration of the cellars. Never was intendant so busy and so poorly paid, and especially the administration of the procure the money necessary to his maintenance, to hear a few crowns jingle in his pouch, and he able, like any other honest gentleman, to make his Sunday offering to the church, he saw himself obliged to sell the scanty produce of his lands, though scarcely sufficient for himself and his three servants.

There came an unlucky year, when the grain

scarcely sufficient for himself and his three screams.

There came an unlacky year, when the grain failed almost entirely. Fast from being able to sell, it became necessary to buy it, and it rost that the buyers were sell likely to be some compensation; but the amarkets were so full of it that the buyers were willing to pay only for the cask and not for the grape-side, the container and not the contents. Our unfortunate gentleman knew not how to manage; his cellars were full, but his gramaries were empty, and perhaps for want of habti, he could not resolve to drink always without eating. In his perplexity he summoned his grand council, composed of his page, his cup-bearer, his major domo, his gentleman carver, his butler, all assembled and united in the same person, that of Maitre Conste Cuisse, who besides was a man of sense, and a pretty good resource for a peasant.

"Measire" gold the latter by him, "Gova wine."

came from the press, though I myself manufactured the casks, bestowing on them all my science,
we could scarcely exchange it for clear water at St.
Germain, at Pecq, or at Poissy; to transport it
to Paris in order to sell it at anction, would be
a hard undertaking, for it would be necessary to
equip a boat, hire boatmen, take a long voyage
on the river, all costly things, and it seems to
me we have not at this moment the money for
this. The inhabitants of Marly-le-Bourg and
those of Marly-le-Chated might purchase it,
for they know it to be of good taste, good color,
mildly seids, and rolling over the tongon with
more delicacy than cider, more strength than
mead; but they are not people to buy by the
tun or half tun; therefore we must sell it to them
by the jar or pitcher full, even by the bottle or
the glass. That is my advice."

"Hold, goodman," immediately replied his
master, raising his head with a haughty air. "If
I excuse you, it is because the moon is on the
wane, and the doctors affirm that at such times
weak brains are weaker and wane with it. You
are mad!"

"Amen," asid the intendant, bowing humbly"Amen," asid the intendant, bowing humbly-

cure money—"
"A fine method, indeed, to sell my wine by
the bottle and goblet, in order to reap a harvest
of pence."
"Two hundred and forty pence, messire, may
be exchanged for a silver pound, and by amassing these we may arrive at a golden becant."
"Holy virgin! but it would be a disgrace to
me.!"

Why so, messire? Our lords the abbes have always had a cabaret beside their vineyards, and even King Philip—God knows what I think of him—had his hawkers and his pedlers, and the abbes have their monks to provide for their

abbes have their monks to provide for their wants."

"Am I not here, messire?" replied the indefatigable Conste Cuises; "I have time enough left to add this function to my other functions; besides, the product of the wine of your fiels is product of the wine of your fiels is my only resource. Let me alone, master, and if we are not unlucky, if the gobilin of the cellars does not tarn our precious liquor into muddy water, we shall soon find at the bottom of each of our empty casks the means of procuring flour and provisions, and who knows, perhaps also, something to renew your clothes which are beginning to look shabby."

When the attendant had ceased speaking, Guillaume Bernard felt but one regret, namely, that he was not rich enough to be able to compensate timmediately the zeal of a servant so devoted.

A few days afterwards, not far from the prin

pensate unmediately the zeal of a servant so devoted.

A few days afterwards, not far from the principal entrance of the chateau de Fontenilles, rose a kind of little arbor, garnished with wooden tables and benches, surrounded with a light trellis and surmounted with a pine-branch.

Behold then our chatelain, our gentleman of high birth, constrained, in order to live, to become an innkeeper! If his poverty was great, great also must have been his humiliation, greater with the great shown that he was been should be a surface of the state of the same time with the same table with a support of the same time with the thirt sent of the same time with the hitteenth century, he hardly numbers twenty-three years; besides, he has in his beart a noble passion. Every Sunday as well as on all holidays, without missing one, he repairs to his barrouled chapel, and there, not being compelled to keep his eyes on a psalter, since he does not know how to read, he directs them, civilly and modestly towards a beautiful young girl of from fourteen to fifteen years, dignified and proud, clad in white from head to foot, for she has been consecrated to the virgin. This Jeanne do Monttnorency, daughter of Bouchard First, Lord of Marrly of Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand-daughter of Marrly Montreuil of Saissa and of Picauville, grand

the Great, chief of the branch of the Marly Montmorencies, one of the greatest warriers of his time, who was killed beneath the walls of Constantinople.

Certainly, if he had been able to reason with his heart, he would have sought to stiffse this fine sentiment at its birth, as one stiffse the young of the valuare in its nest before it has taken beak and nails to rend you. However, if he thinks of anything, it is not of curing the dangerous inclination; quite the contravy. What then does he hope for? That one day she may be given him to wife, she, the daughter of a high buron of France; she, whose family is powerful, rich, honored; to him, the poor squire, disinherited even of his name; the mendicant, the inn-keeper! No, his thoughts are not be wildered with such dreams. He loves Jeanne, because she is beautiful and pleasant to behold; because she has white teeth and hands, darling feet, hair of a fine blond glistening in the light—this is all; and he persists in loving her, because that to love seems good to him and gives joy to his heart. At this age the heart cannot remain empty. Does he even care whether his love is reciprocated? I think not. Of what use would that have been? To see Jeanne is his great festival, his Sunday feet; so the hour of mass is to him an hour of delight. Nevertheless, as he finds it bod that there is but one Sunday in a week, and one mass only on Sunday, alsa, too short! he attempts to compensate himself, cometimes, by going to the chateau to pay his respects to the baron as his vassal; commente, by going to the chateau to pay his respects to the baron as his vassal; commente, by going to the chateau to pay his respects to the baron as his vassal; commente, by going to the chateau to pay his respects to the baron as his vassal; to the hour of the same has never bestowed upon him any but a haughty and chilling glance, he admired not the less her eyes, which he thinks the finest eyes in the world, and not the less returns home delighted at hard, and not the less returns home delighted

his gayety, composed the greatest part of his happiness.
For our squire was happy.
Since he had followed the advice of his honest intendant, he had become almost rich. Customers were not wanting beneath his arbor, and it sometimes happened that it was not vast enough to shelter them all. The travellers and merchants who came from St. Germain or from the Pecq to Marly, stopped there partly to refresh themselves, partly to reverse breath after the ascent of La Begne; the villagers of the neighborhood met there gialdy; even his ancient serfs who peopled two hamlets repaired thither on fair days, on account of the neighborhood. Though free now and released from all homage towards him, as soon as they perceived their former lord, the men would lift a lock of their hair, the young girls lock up a blade of grass or a flower from the fields, and all would present this voluntary tribute, after having humbly salated him with their finest reverence. It would happen also that a fiddler, armed with his rebeck, would form a part of the band; then, with their master's permission, the courts of the chatea of Fontenilles, usually silent and deserted, would reasonal with joyous cries, grow animated beneath the skips of the dancers; and if through pride of birth he dared not take an active part in the dances, at least he enjoyed the noisy gayety which whirled around him; he repeated in a low tone and with closed lips the refrains of the sounds, and considered himself fally satisfied with the pleasant pasting he then enjoyed.

You see that Guillaume Bernard was not very exacting in love or in pleasures. One morning as he was still in bed, credded by a delicious dream, he was dreaming that he was present in the church of Marly, at a mass which had already lasted six hours, neither more nor less—hows underly awakened by a great noise with each of the hearth of Marly, at a mass which had already lasted six hours, neither more nor less—hows undenly awakened by a great noise with seep, though it is the church of Marly, at a mass which

tables.

"O hallo, ho!" cried the latter to Bernard, as soon as he perceived him. "Do you allow yourself to make the son of my father with What is to hinder me from breaking your bones as I have broken your benches 3"

"Holy virgin!" muttered Bernard, knitting his properties of the properties of the

his brows.

And by a rapid movement he placed his hand upon his left side, as if he had expected to find there the handle of his sword.

"Come down, give me something to drink. I am dying with thirst," resumed the other. "What do you mean by looking at me with such a terrified air? Are the words which issue from the month of a gentleman Hebrew to you?"

"I am perhaps of as noble a race as yourself," replied Bernard, raising his head proudly.

"How? What? What does he say? But this pine-branch which hangs from the roof of this arbor?"

this arbor?"

"I allow to be sold here the wine of my fiefs, as 'tis my right; for I am the lord of this chateau."

"A anow to os soid new tine wine of my fiefs, as 'tis my right; for I am the lord of this chateau."

The newly arrived suddenly became quiet.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, approaching the chatelain; but patience is not my virtue. Besides," added he, with a somewhat ironical smile, "the costume which you are wearing might have aided in my mistake; the stuff is not silk, nor cut in the latest fashion."

Bernard blushed slightly, but without any ill-will to his visitor. Like a gentleman who understands his business, he prepared to entertain him as well as he could, seeing that the servants were all absent, for some reason or other.

Remand de Beauvais,—such was the name of the taxveller,—accepted at all risks; he was waiting for his pages and valets, who were following him at a distance with his baggage, and at the chateau he would have lesiure to watch for them as they passed, which would be better than to wait in the open air beneath the arbor, as he had at first intended to do.

So saying, he seized the bridle of his horse which was feeding among the green shoots of a fresh crop of lucerne, and the two young people, already comrades, crossed the threshold of the manor of Fostenilles.

Hardly had he entered the court, when Renand de Beauvais, turning to the right and examining curiously a large wall of well-built masonry which projected in a semi-circle towards the chateau, and was opposite to him, asked:

"What is this ""

"My great grandfather," replied Bernard.

masoury which projected in a semi-circle towards the chatena, and was opposite to him, asked:
"What is this offather," replied Bernard,
"on his return from the Cusuades, caused this tower to be constructed thus in imitation of one he had seen at Damascus in the habitation of the ealigh. This ealigh, during the warm weather, lived there with his sultanas."
"The deuce take the calibles and their more of the warm of the construction of the construction of the calify.

the catipn. Inst catipn, during the warm weather, lived there with his sultanas."

"The deuce take the caliphs and their manner of lodging the ladies! Our King Dagobert, who had five wives at once, lodged them otherwise, I think."

And, after having laughed at King Dagobert and his five queens, Hensuad de Beauvais added:

"Nevertheless, the building is strange and ought to be preserved; you should have the lattices, which are hunging all in disarray, broken and unglazed, carefully repaired; in the state in which your tower is at present, may I be hung between dogs, like a vile Jew, if I would consent hat my horse should pass a single night there. But apropros of my horse," continued he, "have you a place for him in one of your stables?"

"I have but a single stable," said Bernard, "and he will be there at his ease, I hope, for I

have also but one horse—yes, only one—for my private use," added the poor chatelain, from a sentiment of shame.

"Only one, indeed. It is then a fine Spanish genet, which is as suitable for the parade ground as for the nex."

"You shall judge," said Bernard, with a sigh. They entered the stable; it was empty. Bernard then remembered that his intendant, Conste Culsses had been obliged to use the horse, and that at this moment, his fine Spanish genet was drawing the eart at the market of Poissy. This time his blush deepened to purple. Ilistrials were not yet over.

When he had introduced his guest into the great hall, the most ornate, the most comforts—

was drawing the cart at the market of Poissy. This time his blush deepend to purple. Ills trials were not yet over.

When he had introduced his guest into the great hall, the most ornate, the most comfortable in the chateau, the latter cried out at seeing the walls almost bare and painted in colors; he advised him to hang them with arras tapaetry, such as was then seen in all good houses, and on the stone floor, searcely cevered with a litter of straw, it seemed to him more suitable to spread fine reed mats, softer to the feet. He afterwards examined the furniture. The buffet of oak, with its pewter dishes, though clean and well-ordered, seemed to him too modest; could not the Sire de Fontenilles, without sapiring to luxuries, procure aimple but tasteful dressers decorated with Venetian glasses, and a few pieces of silver? The seats were still and hard; instead of these wooden settees, which were more suitable for monks than for gentlemen, he would have armchairs, or at least stuffed benches.

For the first time Bernard suffered in his pride and in his poverty; but he controlled himself, for the stranger was his guest. Meanwhile, when the latter, pursuing his examination proceeded at last to criticies an image of the virgin in wax, ornamented with lace and spangles, which figured on the mantel-piece between a wax candle and a branch of the blessed busb, he had not strength to restrain himself any longer, for he was, for important reasons, particularly devoted to the queen of angels; so, striking his foot, he could not help uttering an angry exchamation.

"What is the matter, measons, particularly devoted to the queen of angels; so, striking his foot, he could not help uttering an angry exchamation.

"Sh, by the death of Mahomet, just now you were burning with thirst, and at present you were burning with thirst, and at present you for he was, for important reasons, particularly devoted to the queen of angels; so, criticle in termillal and a branch of the blessed busb, he had not trength to restrain himself any l

Renaud de Beauvais, though he had suddenly recovered his thirst, alowly sipped the raw wine, then stopping, said:
"You have no other?"
"No; do you not find this to your taste?"
"It is excellent."
And with perfect courtesy he finished his glass at a dramph?

at a draught.

"I find it good, very good," he resumed, after having made a slight grimace; "but have you never thought of allowing some tuns of it to ferment in a mixture of honey, lavender and main?"

ment in a mixture of honey, lavender and resin 1"
"Never," replied Bernard, hastily.
"It would be still better."
The honest chatelain of Fontenilles began to take a dislike to his guest; his criticisms, like his praises, were, as he could not conceal from himself, a mixture of contempt and irony, as his favorite wine was of resin and lavender. One canning this brilliant young man, whose great airs and insolence announced the habit of authority and frequenting courts; whose travelling costume, simple as it was in appearance, would have been for him a gala habit; whose fresh countenance was so well set off by his collar of fine linen, and his berret of tevlet fastened with a gold agmiff; whose form was so elegantly, and his rich girdle with git studs, the squire could not help feeling as entiment of jealousy, and almost of hatred. He was therefore preparing to dismiss him as policity but as quickly as possible, when a word from the latter suddenly changed those cirl designs, which besides were foreign to his nature.

"I maintain that this wine could be improved," said his guest, continuing his comments:

"I maintain that this wine could be improved," said his guest, continuing his comments; "that of Beauvois is no better. Pardon me—li seven inferior in color and taste—that is what I mean. Nevertheless, with a mixture of myrrh and aloss, one might make nectar of it; the beer itself, slightly spiced, is equal to mend, and Maitre Thibada de Marly will taste it with pleasure on our return from the chase."

"Do you know the Sire Thibaud?" exclaim-Bernard; " the son of our Baron Bouchard de

"Do you know the Sire Thibaud" "exclaim de Bernard; "the son of our Baron Bouchard de Montmorency ?"
He would like to have added—the brother of Jeanne—which was worth more than any other title in his eyes, but her restrained himself.

"Do I know Thibaud? He came last year to pass two months in my domains, to feast, to fish, and to hunt; and he left me carrying off a good sum which he had gained at play. Do I know him? He is my most intimate friend."

"Indeed! To his health then!"
This time the glasses came in collision and were immediately emptied, without grinaces on the one side or angry thoughts on the other. The name of Thibaud de Marly had silenced all eachiments of antipathy. The plasses were filled annew; the health of the baroness, and each of their children. The name of Jeanne alone was not pronounced amid the numerous libations.

A little waxmed by the wise, though it was

A little warmed by the wine, though it was not flavored with aloes nor resin, Guillaume

Bernard, undoubtedly for the sake of enhancing bimself in the eyes of his guest, confided to bim his illustrious origin.

He was the grand nephew of Robert IV. Couns of Menlan, whose misfortunes were well known at this period. Robert IV. had possessed in France the provincial region called Le Pincersis, composed of the domains of Mantes, of Poissy and of Menlan. In Normandy, which the bolonged to England, he was Lord of Jumieges, of St. Wandrille, of Pout Andemar and other places. From this double possession of two rival lands, from this necessity of lending turns faith and homage to the king of England, and the king of France, had resulted the complete ruin of his house. When Robert IV, Count de Menlan, ranged himself beneath, and the king of France, had resulted the complete ruin of his house. When Robert IV, Count de Menlan, ranged himself beneath, and the king of France, had the king clean and; when this same Robert IV, Lord of Lion, his other sucersin, confiscated his other Norman lands; when this same Robert IV, Lord of Lion, his other sucersin, confiscated his other Norman lands; when this same Robert IV, Lord of Lion, his other sucersin, confiscated his other Norman lands; when this same Robert IV, Lord of Lion, his other sucersin, confiscated his other Norman lands; when this same Robert IV, Lord of Lion, his other sucersin, confiscated his other Norman lands; when the same his control of the twelftee can be a long to the land of the long the land of the length of the twelftee can try became grasping; it happened that the powerful Count de Menlan, thus confiscated on the right and on the left, died entirely disposates, and the last heir of his glorious name was obliged to content himself with being simply as sire of Fontenilles.

When Bernard had finished his narrative, interspersing it with some complaints, Renaud de Beauxuis said:
"How are you to extricate yourself from this "

tempersing it with some complaints, nemess an Beaurais said:

"How are you to extricate yourself from this?
You must marry some rich widow who will give you her estate to take care of?"

"I have no heart for widows," replied Bernard, castling a glance upon the image of the virgin over his mantel-piece, as if the virgin was his confidant and must comprehend him.

"By my knightly faith, neither have I. I should wish that she whom I spouse might have borne only the name of her father; and, between ourselves, contrade, I may tell you this in confidence; when, in order to do credit to my knightly control with the confidence of the property of the confidence normo only the name of ner lather; and, between ourselves, commade, I may tell you this in confidence; when, in order to do credit to my knightheood, I shall have made wars little for two or three years, either against the shepherds or the Abliguesse, I think I am sure in advance who is to be my wife."

"Is she pretty "is she pretty "" Courtly and beautiful, graceful and pleasant to behold, as much as it is given to a human creature to be so."

"To her health, then."

And when he had filled the glasses to the brim:

brim:
"May one know the name of the lady to whom you are thus betrothed in heart?" resumed Bernard, rising to drink the health.
"You will be discreet?"
"I swear it?"
"Well, it is Jeanno de Montmorency, the sister of Thiband? and it is she whom I am now on me, warks or is!"

sister of Thibaut; ama as on my way to visit."

And Benand de Beauvais advanced his glass to touch it to that of his host, but encountered nothing; the glass of the latter had just been crushed between his fingers, and the wine was the countered between his fingers, and the wine was

rusned between his ingers, and the wine was undating the table. Renaud looked at Bernard, who was pale and rembling in all his limbs; he burst into a loud

remenuing in all his limbs; he burst into a loud laugh.

"A fine affair!" said he; "a glass broken!"
He saw nothing clee.

At the same instant the sound of mules and horses was beard on the road. Renand ran thinker. It was his pages and valets arriving with the baggage. Returning almost immediately with the baggage. Returning almost immediately with them, he said:
"Pardon me, my host; but it is not suitable to present one's self before the ladies in a travelling costume; will you permit me to change my garments here! But for your gracious heipitality I should be obliged to avail myself of the shelter of some bash."

The pages took from his coffers a silver ever and some flacks of scented water; he washed his hunds and face, perfunced his beard and hair; clothed himself in a gallant costume of silk and carnation velvet, which had nothing warlike about it but the gorget, the breadets, the graves and the light believe with floating-plume.

While this tolke i asted, which must have been so heart-rending for the sire of Fontenilles, if he had had the full use of his thoughts, what passed between them? I flow did Renaud do Beau-vals take leave of his host? It was what Bernard never knew.

Plunged in stupor and lethargy he remained for several hours without stirring; so that his servants, addressing him without obtaining replies and seeing him make no motion, though the had been changed into stone, though the had been changed into stone of the well where well at first slight, that I should hate him berich like him, leven should have him here spouse Jeanne. I will be rich like him, Jeanne shall be mine. I will supplant his Renaud, this insolent fellow! I knew well at first slight, that I should hate him be rich like him, Jeanne shall be mine. I will supplant his Renaud de Beau-varie, even were I to deliver of, my weight hand my title of Court de Menlan, Jeanne shall be mine. I will supplant this Renaud be Beau-varie, even were I to employ soccery and witcheraft! were I to deliver my soult to the dwil!"

At this moment

appeared with a lighted lamp which was rhaking in his hand.
"Master," said the intendant in an agriated
and stifed voice, "what is happening? I have
just soon between heaven and earth, moved by
a sudden squall, a large gloony and livid cloud,
whence issued confused cries, blasphemics and
a prolonged barking. God save us! These
must be something mearthly."
"Slinge old deseasor; ware reason is totter,"

ing as well as your limbs. You have heard nothing," replied Bernard, refusing to increase his own terrors by those of his vale.

"Be not incredulous, master; the demon threatens some one in the neighborhood. But," added the honest intendant, breathing more at his case, "all the saints be praised! it can be neither you nor me, who are good Christians. Besides, the demon can acquire a right over use only at the moment when we have committed a criminal act, and I dare affirm—"

How as interrupted here by his master, who, without articulating a word, had just wrested the lamp from his hands.

Scarcely recovered from his transport, Bernard remained pre-occupied especially with that planive sound which he had heard near him, of something fallen on the floor. He threw the rays of light here and there, and stood as if transfixed by a thanderboth. His little virgin of wax detached from the mantel-piece was broken to atomate the transport of the cuttered a profound sigh, and tears came into his eyes; then he carefully picked up the fregments, kised them one by one, and afterwards placed them in his cheet beside a prayer-book bequeathed to him by his mother.

Guillaume Bernard slept little during the felicient night. He nassed it almost entirely in

wards placed users in me creet bostice a prhysebook bequeathed to him by his mother.

Gaillanme Bernard alspt little during the following night. He passed it almost entirely in derising means to become rich, and to prevent Renand de Beauvais from espousing Jeanne de Montmorency; but, as he no longer thought of restricting to those accurated expedients which he had hinself invoked in a moment of forgetfulness, he could find nothing.

In the morning he was walking anxiously about the court, when he heard the soldiers in the arbor chanting in chorus that colebrated song of the troubadour Guillaume de St. Gregory, which had been the Marsellidaie of the twelfth century, and the refrain of which was this:

"Barons, selfanio rosaling, and control of the state of the st

"Barons, sell your lands, your castles, And all depart for the Crusades."

"Barons, sell your lands, your eastles, And all depart for the Creasales."

Bernard thought he had found the method which he had vainly sought during the whole night; he did not heatinte to sell all that he possessed, his lands, then a right which he had on the foll of the road from Marly to the Pecq, for merchants and colporteurs; then his other rights on the oven and press of the manor; making money of all, even of his falconer and steward, who, after same hesitation consented to become free, by means of a certain sum advanced by a flow at beary interest. From this same Jew he borrowed thirty golden crowns, leaving as a guarantee his chateau of Fontenilles.

When his purse, full to the brins, had thus passed to the condition of a wallet, he took the cross, not on his breast as did those who went simply to combat the herefies without Leaving France, as Renaud do Beauvais was about to so with regard to the Abligense, but the cross on his shoulder, like a true Crusader of the Holf Land, who has swort the extermination of the Lindeles.

The plan conceived by Bernard may be read-

his three horses, two were dead, and the one that survived limped, like the poor esquire, who was compelled to follow on foot.

his three horses, two were dead, and the one that survived limped, like the poor esquire, who was compelled to follow on foot.

Bernard fell into a gloomy malady; he, formerly so kind, so resigned, became thoughtful, exacting, quarrelsome; he was scarcely to be recognized.

Maître Onaste Cuisse, continuing his role of physician, recommended the air of France.

The knight became purple with anger, and was half inclined to beat him; but the disease growing worse, he ended by submitting to the ordinance, and reached Ptolemais, where a vessel was preparing to set sail.

While awalting her departure, mounted on his lame horse, he was one evening riding in the environs of the city to essay to distract the thought which obtruded without cessation and constituted a large proportion of his trouble. "How should be appear before Jeanne without ringing the Saraccan whome he had a right to expect, since he had aworn to present one as a trophy?"

He was reflecting on this with great bitterness when a fellah—an Arab peasant,—prompted doubtless by necessity, placed himself before him with a supplicating air.

"Withdraw?" exclaimed Bernard, struggling at first against the temptation which violently selected him; "withdraw, pagan?"

"Silgoor knight, is not charity ordained to Christians as well as Mussulmans?" replied the mendicant.

And in raising his hand with an humble air

Christians as were as a mendicant.

And in raising his hand with an humble air to receive his alms, he touched with his finger the bridle of his horse, which started back.

"Ah, wretch," exclaimed Bernard, profiling by this movement to give way to his will thoughts, "you are trying to dismount me in order to rob or perhaps murder me. Well, I will defend my life; defend yours."

"you are trying to unsuouns me as one of or perhaps murder me. Well, I will defend my life; defend yours."

He had already sprung to the ground, and was about to attack the poor fellah, who, falling on his kness, could only ery for mercy.

"Acknowledge that you have attempted my life."

"Acknowledge that you have attempted my life." where you had nome."
"I be not blaspheme, idolater! I will have merey on you if you will surrender yourself my prisoner, if not, all is over with you." Seeing the huge sword of the knight brandishing and sparking above him in the moonlight, the frightened Arab, with his forchead in the dast, accepted all the conditions which is pleased the latter to impose upon him; he acknowledged his pretended crime, recognized himself justly and lawfully a captive, and swors to follow him where he wished to go. In sign of sub-mission, he commenced by allowing his arms to be firmly tied, and followed his self-styled vanquisher to Ptolemais.
On his return to France, and entrance to the

quisher to Ptolemais.

On his return to France, and entrance to the manor of Fontenilles, the first thing that Bernard learned, was, that that very morning Renard Berned, was, that that very morning Renard de Beauvais and Jean de Montmoreney had been betrothed in marriage.

Is this the moment to fulfil his vow, by going to present the Saracen slave? He thinks not. Besides, were he disposed to do so, how should he dare appear before Jeanne, leading his captive in the state of dilapidation in which they both were?

were specially as the cross on this shoulder, like a true Crussdor of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the extermination of the Holy Land, who has sworn the externination of the Holy Land, as and the holy of the Holy Land, as he holy has been considered by Bernard may be road. It is this the moment to failth his vow, by going is formed that he holy were the holy the holy of the holy of the holy were the Holy Land, as an empire of the holy o

before the altar the wife of Renand de Beauvala, he rose to attempt by motion to shake off his cold and hanger. As for the tornents of his heart, nothing could dispel them. As he turned towards his casement, which it will be recollected was opposite the tower, he saddenly perceived a brilliant light.

O surprise the chamber of the Pagan stood out laminously from the heaps of stones and the earth, blackened by moss. Lamps suspended to the ceiling dissipated the darkness even in the most obscure corners; on a table loaded with crystal and plate, candles of yellow wax threw their soft gleams over varied and numerous dishes, whence arose an inviting odor.

Though his window was hermetically sealed, and the panes of the tower, which he had in the morning seen broken in their leaden frames, seemed to have become whole and close as well as his own, the powerful fragrance of noast capon, of sausages and all sorts of delicacies reached his nostils, as if to sharpen that hunger which he had been unable to satisfy.

Before this table a man well wrapped in a long gown furred with minerer, was seated, seeming to luxuriate annil all these sensual delights. This man, with the serene expression of one about to satisfy his appetite, turned his head for an instaat in the direction of the chateau; it was the Sarucen.

Bernard thought he was dreakning. To assure himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himself that how are still in the state of the even himse

though subdued voice, articulate these enigmatical words:

"Come, Pitto, turn the page."

"Come, Pitto, turn the page."

This voice seemed to come from his bediside. He reached out his hand in that direction, there was nothing. After a moment's silence, the voice resumed:

"Turn the page, Pitto!"

Then, as if talking to itself, it continued:
"The conjunction of the stars has willed thus, and though he has rudely seized me and would willingly have let me die of hunger if I had not taken good care of myself, I will that he be rich and glorious; but it is in value that I search this book, the areand on the present themselves. Will my science then be powerless !"

And the same refrain was heard:
"Turn the page, Pitto!"

And the same refrain was heard:
"Turn the page, Pitto!"

Anazed, perplexed, all his thoughts in confusion, Bernard listened with his ears open, and stretched himself like those of a chased hare. He took a little lantern with which he had previously provided himself, lighted it, searched every corner of his chamber, in his chimney, under his couch—nothing! And everywhere the voice pursued him, always clear, always near him, so that it might have issued from his lantern, or even from the sleeve of his shirt. An exclamation made him stop abort.

"Ah," said the voice, "thanks to the star Al-debaran, and to my master Bem-Meli-Sadder, the great magi! This time we are in the track of it—the work; is about to be accomplished, and, if he has a firm will, Bernard, Lord of Poissy, of Mantes, and of Menlan, may esquessed seame de Montmorency! Come, Pitto, turn the page!"

Seized with a nervous trembling, his forehead bedeved with a nervous trembling his forehead hedeved with the preparation, hou

struck with annaeuses and the same gown furred with min-Enveloped in the same gown furred with min-over, having beside him on a stand, a lamp which surrounds him with a circle of light, be-fore him a brazier where red hot and blaish flames, interveaving their forked tongues, seem to form cabalistic signs, the Saracen is seated in a large arm-chair. On his knose reposes an enor-mous book, traced in Arabic characters, and, perched on his shoulder, a huge black car, and, perched on his shoulder, a huge black car, and perched on his shoulder, a huge black car, and

turning his head towards him, the Saracen said:

"I await you. Advance and close the door, but leave your sword without; the handle is in the form of a cross, and neither cross nor setel must enter here."

The hinght starred; he would have spoken.

"I know what brings you," reasmed the necromance; "your most secret thoughts I have laid open and bare; you wish to be rich and powerful, in order to espouse abravis daughter. Must I tell you her name? It is Jeanne."

"Bu Jeanne is this very day to become the wife of another!" exclaimed Bernard.

"She shall be thine, if thou wilt subscribe to my conditions."

my conditions."

"What are they?"

"Listen to me; this daughter of the Montnoreacles has never manifested towards you
mything but coldness and disdain. Have it
led?"

lied 1"

Fornard bent his head.

"Your desire to marry her, can then be only selfish. Will ten years of married life satisfy you! I grant them. But, these ten years having rolled away, you must deliver to me this Jeanne, the descendant of the first Christian baron."

Jeanne, the descendant of the first Christian baron."
The knight recoiled three paces.
"Deliver to you my Jeanne! my wife!"
"She can be your wife only if you accept this compact and sign is with your blood."
He then handed to him the parchment which Pitto had seized with his claw, and was extending towards him. Bermard reflected.
Ten years of marriage was something. Jeanne had never manifested for him sympathy or good will. She had cared for him sympathy or good will. She had cared for him synthem that she had consented to espone another. And interrogating himself to the very depths of his beart, he oven thought he saw that in the affection which he, Bernard, bore this dangerous beauty, there was a little of hatred minglied.

anecton which in generally lover us dangerous beauty, there was a little of hatred mingled. He accepted.

He accepted.

"This is not all," pursued his tormentor. "I must have a pledge that during the ten year, you will make yourself dependent upon me, and thus insure your good faith; after which, our compact broken, you will have ample time to repent, and even to become a monk, if it seems good to you, as your friend Thibsaut de Mariy is preparing to be."

"And what pledge do you demand?"

"The denial of the Holy Trinity!"

"Are you then Satan in person?" murmared the knight; "come to claim my soul, as I one day offered it in a moment of guilty despair?"

"What is that to you, provided I ensure your happiness in this world, without even shutting you out from the other!"

Bernard, without long hesitation, denied the Trinity.

Bernard, without long hesitation, denied the Trinity.

"Now it is the last satisfaction I have to demand, deny the Virgin Mary!"

"Never! The virgin! A woman! Outrage thus my conflant, my divine friend, my particular object of devotion! Never!" repeated Bernard, with energy.

The Saracca pointed towards the dawn, which was already illuminating the courts, and dissipating the shadows around the chateau.

"Very soon," said ho, "the bells will ring in honor of the marriage of Jeanne with Renand de Beauvais."

honor of the marriage of Jeanne with Remand de Beauvais."

"Let this marriage take place," replied the chevalier with resolution; "but I will never depay the vigin, whom I have taken for my protectres; do not hope it."

Our two personages remained upright and immoveable, each waiting for the other to yield. A long silence ensued, during which Pitto, the great black cat, crouching over the magic book, regarded them attentively with a carioss and jesting air, caressing this thick fur, which emitted thousands of sparks.

The brasier no longer threw its many-colored flames; the lamp grow pale as the light of day appeared. Without articulating a word, the sorecer again extended his finger towards the window where sparkled the furtive gleams of the earliest ambeams.

appeared. Without artendating a word, the sorcerer again extended his finger towards the window where sparkled the furtive gleams of the earliest sunbeams.

Bernard folded his arms and shook his head. The tempter, without breaking the silence again, drew from beneath his gown a mirror of polished steel and placed it before his eyes.

What Bernard saw in this strange mirror was not his own image but that of Jeanne. She had just awoke, and the richest toilet could not have more been more becoming than the simple dishabille worn by her at this moment.

Never had the poor knight seen her look so beautiful. Still in this mirror, which represented exactly all that was passing in the chamber of the young girl, he saw the maids of the latter occupied in braiding her long hair, while others were preparing her wedding garments, embroidered in silk and gold, sparkling with jewels and lightly sprinkling them with perfuned water. How pretty was Jeanne at this moment! No beautiful she would soon be! The heart of the sire of Fonetnelles swelled, his eyes gleamed like burning coals. Suddenly all these manifestations of regret, of conflict, of passion, turned infury upon the Saracen.

"Demon or sorcerer," exclaimed he, "accuraced be the lying hopes which you have put timb which is not be the lying hopes which you have put timb which is not a fine of the tower, extending his hand towards him; "by the thunder and lightnings your obstinacy has conquered mine. I will change the conditions, and dispense with the last denial; but, instead of tea years, you shall pass with Jeanne only three, three! You hear me? After which she is to belong to me."

In this new colonism, he was a hears, his out!

three, three! You near me? Auter when ane is to belong to me."

In this new compact, Bernard at first saw but one advantage for him; he was to leave his soul in pledge three years only.

He accepted the offer, and not knowing how to write, made on the parehment which Pitto then presented him, a cross by way of signature.

At this moment the bells began to utter their joyous peals. The knight was troubled.

"Are you very sure," said he to his former captive, "that you can keep your word to me 1 Can you prevent a marriage so nearly concluded, and by what they to can keep your word to me 1 Can you prevent a marriage so nearly concluded, and by what means 9"

The latter smilled and again presented the sited mirro. Bernard perceived in it Renaud de Beauvais, in full drass, followed by his people, almost as richly apparelled as himself. He was coming out of an hostel of St. Germain, where he had passed the night in order to be near his betrothed. The jealous lover was gealing with vexation on the grace displayed by Remain in the management of his horse, when he saw the horse spring saids and fall, dragging his rider with him. He afterwards saw the bridegroom grivorously wounded, carried by his servants into the hoste he had just left, and whence he had heard the peals of the bells of Marly.

At the end of the same week, the size of Fontenilles, also in full dress, fulfilled his promise to the daughter of his Lord Bonchard de Montmorency. Surrounded by a brilliant eccort, the Turk taken prisoner by him was conducted amid the sound of trumpets, to the presence of the baron's daughter. Clad in brilliant steaffs, his head was covered with an enormous turban of seven colors, and, if I may believe the affits' mation of the simple chronicler from whom I borrow these details, two little gilt horns pointing beneath the turban, showed even on the outside of it, their wreathed extremities.

The Saracen knelt before Jeanne, and, at the order of the knight, deposited at the feet of the fair git a rich coffer full of pearls and emeralds casen pidaged that he intended this to pay his ramon, and gave him his liberty. He was not heard from for three years.

Guillaume Bernard had redeemed his estates, and many others. King Louis VIII. had consented to restore to him for a good rum of money his cities of Poisy, of Mantes and of Menlan, as well as his ti

ive in the tower ?'

"It was a vow."
"But his esquire, Conste Cuisse, why was he enstrained to become a vine-dresser and a

"It was a vow."
This reply answered for everything.
It was soon learned that Rensaud de Beauvais
during his illness, had received the attentions of
a widow lady, very expert in the art of healing
contraisons and wounds, and that through gratitude, he had engaged himself to her, notwithstanding his betrothal.
Bernard profited by this moment to ask Jeanne
in marriage, and obtained her. Three days
afterwards, he said, with his arm around his
vonne wife:

atterways, no saw, win me are account.

"My darling, why did you formerly in the chapel and in assemblies, wear towards me such an air of severity!"

"Because I was afraid of loving you too much, my lord."

"But why, my darling, on the day when I re-ceived from your father the accolade and the

glance?"

"It was because I already loved you too much, my friend."

They that do nothing are in the readiest way do that which is worse than nothing.—

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.] LAY OF THE SPRING-TIME.

BY S. W. HAZE

O'er the meadows, and the hill-tops, Lo, the glad, gay Spring is coming; And in every pectyl flower cup, Bury bees will soon be humming. Soon the trees will be in blossom, And the joyful birds be singing; Thee, and many gifts as lovely, Spring, the glad, gay Spring is bringing

But my heart is filled with asdness.
Though I see the Spring returnin
And to me a stranger's gladness,
For, for him I towel, I'm years,
For, for him I towel, I'm years,
I'm years with the same of the see that
One whose smile once give me plug
Bring me one who died and prishle
One who was my heart's chief tex

O, it shakes the throne of reason,
Just to think of such a meeting;
And I'll hall this joyous season
With a glad and merry greeting:
But till then my heart must languish
And till then I must be weeping;
Spring-time cannot heal my anguish,
While my cherished one is steeping:

· LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

AN EXCELLENT MORAL FALE.

Alsa is at I. was just now passing by the car'riage entrance of a great house, I moticed a satuniform of the care in the

walked on as chance took me, until the silence all around insensibly drew me from my own thoughts.

I had seemed on of the remote streets, in the seeme who would live in comfort and without optimized the seeme with the seeme with the seeme with the seeme with the seeme on shops along the dimly-lit pavements; one heard no sound but of the distant carriages, and of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home. I instantly recognized the street, though I had the seeme with the lights on quays and bridges gave the aspect of alse surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a masson, who was returning from his work with his trovel in his hand; 'tun servant who took care of him mes with some while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why los they not ask him his name, and

come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not sak him his name, and where he lives "I have been doing it for the last hour, but all he can say is, that he is called Charter, but all he can say is, that he is called Charter, "Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives ""Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives "" I should thin hot, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child! He has never gone out except in a carriage, or with a servant; he does not know what to do with Here the mason was interrupted by some of the property of the property

himself."
Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.
"We cannot leave him in the streets," said

some.
"The child stealers would carry him off,"

"The child steaters would carry nun oi,"
continued others. bin to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"Or to the police office."

"But the child, frightened at these suggestions of danger, and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back towards the hist fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little bow was heard through the confusion. "I know him well—I do," said he, looking at the loat child;" "We belongs to our part of the

"I Know num."

"Y onder, on the other side of the Boulevards;

"Y onder, on the other side of the Boulevards;

"Yes, yes I he belongs to the great house at
the end of the street, where there is an iron gate
with gilt points."

"And yon have seen him before?"

"And yon the street, where there is an iron gate
with gilt points."

The child year of the street is not to gate
with gilt points."

"The third by ansawered all the
questions that were put to him, and gave such
actails as left no room for doubt. The other
child understood him, for he went up to him as'
if on pat himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?"

"Then you can take him to his parents?"

"Then you can take him to his parents?"

"I don't care if I do," replied he, "it's the
way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down
on the parenement, he set of towards the postern
gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.
"Never fear," said the mason; "the listle one in the blouse is the same age as the other, but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty you see is a familiar school-mistress."

Never fear," said the mason;" the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other, but, as the saying is, "he knows hlack from white;" powerty you see is a familiar school-marked the content of t

and the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark
the different ranks of men, but should not divide.

While putting these questions to myself, I
slackened my pace, and fixed my eye on the
great gate which I just perceived. All at once
I saw it open, and two children appeared at the
other of the control of the control of the control
them at first sight, they were the child who was
found near the parapet of the Louver, and his
young guide. But the dress of the latter was
greatly changed; his blouse of gray cloth was
neat, and even a sprue, and was fastened round
them at first sight, they were the child who was
found near the parapet of the Louver, and his
attention of the control of the control
them at the control of the control
that the moment I saw him, he held in his
companion was trying to add narcissues and
with a finelly good-by. M. Daval's son did
not go in till he had seen the other turn the
comer of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him
of our former meeting; he looked at me a momen and them series had been a momen and them series of the latter, and reminded him
of our former meeting; he looked at me a momen and them series of the latter, and reminded him
of our former meeting; he looked at me a momen and them series of the latter, and reminded him
of our former meeting; he looked at me a momen and them series of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him
of our former meeting; he looked at me a momen and them series of the series of the
"You are then become great friends" said I.

"O, I should think so," said the child; "and
now my falset at rich too!"

"You are then become great friends" said I.

"You are then become great friends" said I.

"You are then become great friends" and I see
"Mr. Charles belgs me to learn, and so I
came to be the first in my class."

"You are then become great friends"." and I see
"Mr. Char

"Then it is the same as if it were partly you own."

"So it is! Ab, they are good neighbors, indeed. But here I am; good-by, sir." He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared. I went on with my walk, still pensive, but he was a smile, and disappeared. I went on with my walk, still pensive, but he was a smile, and the part of the case of the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Hearty good-will had smoothed down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true he was not been an entire the workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, they had belt workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, they had both listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beging in rugs, that I had seen at here the happy child of the laborer loaded with howers, and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and dangerous to examine into with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.—The Little Philosopher in Porris.

MOLIERE AND THE THIEF.

Moliere was a man of distinguished literary abilities, but, like many learned men, extremely poor. In the winter he was obliged to read and feel of the man the was obliged to read and the second of the season. He was professor of philosophy at the royal college, and seldom went from the room he had there. One day, a thief knocked at the door; the abbect of the season was not seen to be seen to be seen the season of the sea

THE PAGAN'S TOWER. A LEGEND OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 167.]

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 167.]

Three months afterwards the sire of Fontentilise enjoyed all the riches of this world; he had chateaux in divers provinces; his stables contained the finest hornes of France and Spain is his bounds, his falcons, were as valuable as those of the king; like the king also, he had a young wife whom he adored and by whom he was tenderly beloved; besides precious treasures, he had for an inimate friend, Thibaud de Marly, his brother-in-law, and possessed in Maltre Conste Cuisses the paragon of servants.

Three years after, Bernard, overcome with grief, tortured by remore, was the most unhappy of mortals. His love for Jeanne, far from diminishing, had but increased, and this very day the third anniversary of his marriage, he was to deliver his wife to the former inhabitant of the tower, to the accursed sorcere—worse yet—to Satan himself! Yes, it was indeed with Satan than he had concluded the fatal compact.

Seeing him for some time growing thin and ad, passing from transports of the most lively tenderness to the most inexplicable grief, Jeanne dared neither oppose nor reason with him, believing him a prey to some unhappy influences.

At the earliest dawn of day, Bernard had

lieving him a prey to some unhappy influence which she sought to remove by submission and gentleness.

At the earliest dawn of day, Bernard had heard the voice, that well-known voice, murmur in his ear, and appoint the place of rendezvons. This was beyond but not far from Marly, behind the chateas, in a deserted, but uninhabited spot, where there was a druitideal stone. In a harsh voice, Bernard told his wife to rise, dress herself and follow him. She obeyed.

They walked for some time, without speaking, Jeanne feared to excite his anger by asking any questions; and he, at the first words addressed to him, would have burst into sobs.

As they approached a group of trees behind the spot where the church now is, seized with sudden terror at the contracted brow and almost ferocious air of her husband, Jeanne ventured to say to him:

"My lord, I have not yet addressed to God my morning orison, such was my haste in preparing to accompany you; may I beneath the shelter of these trees, fulfil this duty?"

"Do so, Jeanne, and pray for us both?" replied he, turning and whiging away a tear which thowed down his cheek.

And he waited on the road until she had finished her prayer. He saw her almost immediately return to him, but the countenance of Jeanne was no longer anxious and troubled; he reyes shone with singular brilliance, her mice was more dignified and her feet scarcely touched the ground.

When they had cleared the enclosure of Marlyshochests it is the second of the proper in the content of the proper in the content of the proper was more dignified and her feet scarcely touched the ground.

ground.

When they had cleared the enclosure of Mar

ground.

When they had cleared the enclosure of Marly-le-Chastel, they traversed those shadowy recesses, those slopes known then as now, under the name of the Vaulx de Cernay.

Bernard, more and more troubled, continued his march; then, unable longer to repress his tears and his sights, his strength exhausted, ho stopped and made a sign to his wife to stop also. But the latter paid no heed, but rapidly pursued her way alone, taking the direct road to the druidleal stone.

Distracted, the knight summoned her to him, resolved, perhaps to risk his eternal salvation rather than to complete such a sacrifice. Then he heard a loud cry, and a strong odor of sulphur was diffused through the air.

When Bernard recovered his senses, the pre-

when the road a road virginal a strong out of the prepher was diffused through the air.

When Bernard recovered his senses, the pretended Jeans was before him, and presented to
him the compact which he had signed with his
own blood, but which as had recovered and
annulled.

"Now," said she, in a voice melodious as a
choir of angels, "go and find your wife, who,
beneath yonder grove of becehes, is finishing
her prayers, and congratulate yourself as not having denied me !"

The virgin had taken pity on him who had remained faithful to her, and substituting herself
for Jeanne, when the latter was at her orisons,
had presented herself to Satan to wrest from him
his prey.

This miracle of the holy virgin was represented in an ex-vote in the ancient church of Marly,
but the explanation of it has long been lost.

The next day at the spot where the druidleal

but the explanation of it has long been lost.

The next day at the spot where the druidical stone had been, was seen a perfound excavation, like the crater of a volcano, furrowed by the trace of flames. It was there that the tempter, vanquished, and concealing his diagrace, had disappeared. This place was and is still called, "Le Trou d'Enfler."

As for the sire of Fontenilles, his most urgent basiness was to atone for his faults; he gave to the church all his badly acquired riches, and caused to be levelled to the ground the accursed tower which had served as a refuge to the demon. It was said that Pitto, the great black cat, was buried there.

The brave knight, thinking that his

It was saut that Pitto, the great black cat, was buried there.

The brave knight, thinking that his name of Bernard had been profaned by passing through the mouth of the demon, thenceforth bore only the name of Guillaume, and departed anew for the Crusades, whence he bore away as a trophy the standard of the prophet.

King Louis IX. refusing to restore to him his country of Menlan, he made himself with his captive a glorious title, and Guillaume IV Elendard has been spoken of at length in the old histories. Guillaume IV Elendard has been spoken of at length in the old histories. Guillaume IV Elendard and Jeanne de Montmorency lived happily and died full of days.

WONDERFUL MEMORY.—It is reported that the historian Fuller, in 1607, had a most retentive memory; he could repeat five hundred strange, uncommon words after twice hearing them; and a sermon verbating, after rading it once. He undertook, after passing from Temple Bar to the fartbest part of Cheapside and back again, to mention all the signs over the shops on both sides of the streets, repeated them backwards, performing the task with great exactness.—Birgorphyly of Emineral Mem.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] CHILDHOOD REMEMBRANCE.

BY JENNY MARSH.

My own happy home, I remember it still,
The little brown cottage, the sunny-bright fill,—
The leafy, green wood, and the rough mountain side,
Where 'neath the dark shadows the blue waters glide.

O'er the arbor still clusters the clinging green, The rich purple fruit through the dark tenses: And the low oaken bench, I hallow with tears, For memory speaks through the changes of ye

The low, rustling leaves breaths the same lonely tale,
And sad zephyrs whisper the dirge through the rale;
The rivulet's murmur bath borrowed the song,
And the wild birds are calling for her that is gone.

MINUTE WONDERS OF ART.

Mr. Power says he saw a golden chain at Tredescant's Museum, South Lambert, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length; and the same of t

was Paul obese, Mrs. P. ?!' inquired the great Pr. Digg of Mrs. Partington, when he wished to prosecute certain inquiries tending to an ethnological demonstration he was preparing for the CLI volume of his digest of natural law round bowed in the property of the propert

TIED DOWN AT HOME.

TIED DOWN AT HOME.

A friend of ours, living not far from Pontiae, was importuned one pleasant day lately, by his wife, to take her a sleigh-riding. The gentleman, being a man of bosiness, plead his engagements, when the wife replied with the old story, many heart of the story, has been been been dependently when the wife replied with the old story, husband rejoined that if any person would francish him with clothing to wear, and enough to eat and drink, he would be willing to be tied down at home.

As a bis caused, he came home earlier than was his catson, and being fatigued, lay down upon the sofs, and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took cords and slyly tied his hands together—served his feet the same way, and made him fast to the sofs. She then set a table with the of clothes within his reach. This done, she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her return, late in the evening, she found her subject of domestic discipline as she left him, except that he "What on earth does all this mean?" said he. Nothing, 'quietly replied his wife, 'except the consummation of your earthly wishes—enough to eat, drink and war, and to be tied. That couple went sleigh-riding next day—Detected Advertises.

DIFFERENCE INFERENCE AMAY AND ITH HORSE.—One overlain Clerk had been dipping freely in the convival towl, with a frient In-freely in the convival towl, with a frient In-freely in the convival towl, with a friend In-freely in the conviction of the convergence o

Jester's Picnic.

At a dinner party in Washington a few days since, an eminent English writer and autistic requested to be introduced to a fishiomable young lady, remarkable for her beauty, and the general administion of the opposite sex. Permission of the engine sex of the engine

A Welsh parson preaching from this tent "Love one another," told his congregation the in kind and respectful treatment to our fello exeatures, we were inferior to the bruse creation. As an illustration of the truth of the remark, he quoted an instance of two goats is his own parish, that once met upon a bridge marrow that they could not pass by without on the truth of the control of the contro

A man's spirits depend somewhat upon the weather! A bright, blue sky, southwest zeplyr ventilisted spiring morning renders him as bopy ast and as happy as a nest of kittens round a warm fersiels. He sees everything through, a warm fersiels. He sees everything through, a blue had been as a supply as a nest of kittens round a warm fersiels. He sees everything through a blue, and he feels as desperate as a single woman at thirty-five, on the marriage question. For patting folks into the best condition, there is nothing like sambline, blue sky and similar in-universe.

Mary J. Marshall, of Rockville, Ct., wants too much. She asks the Hartford Times for a hatche to spill the difference with, a tear from the eye of a needle, a sip from the foundation of the cycle, a pencil from the ayo dight, a rible in the other, a pencil from the ayo dight, a rible in the bad from a barrel of flour, a pin from the cleak of religion, a rock in the craile of liberty, a hair from the head of the stairs, a peep at the wings of time, and a weight from the scales of wings of time, and a weight from the scales of what she wants by asking for less.

A youngster, who had just risen to the dignity of the first pair of boots with heels to them, laid himstell liable, through some misdemeaner, to maternal chastisement. After pleading to get clear, to no effect, he exchan

That's so."

The following is told of a wag, who, for the ammement of a crowd, was holding a scriptural "Why, Charley, you cannot even tell who made the monkey."

"O, yes I can, massy."

"Well, who made the monkey?"

when we have the monkey of the control of the monkey of the monkey when the monkey was a second to the monkey of the monkey when the monkey was a second to the monkey of the mon

An Irish jocky, once selling a nag to a gentle-man, frequently observed with emphatic earn-sentess, that he was an honet borne. After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse.

"Why, sir," he replied, "whenever I rode him, he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

It is astonishing how "toddy" promotes in-dependence. A philosophic old "brick," who was lying a day or two since, in a very grid manner, was advised in a very friendly way, to conomise, as "flour was going up." "In it go up," said old bottle-nose, "I kin get as lingh as door kin—any day."

A first of April joke was played upon Albert Smith, by some wag who assumed the name of the American artist, J. R. Smith, who has a rival " Mont Blanc," and laid information for libel against the former. The magistracy was much scandalized at being made an April fool of

Poetry in Chelsea is vigorous as well as useful. A fishmonger, near the ferry landing, has the following in front of his "stand."

"Fish of all kinds are for sale,
And lay upon the board;
Here hadder, hake and ficunders are,
And seek may perch, and cod."

A French officer said to a Swiss officer:—"I would not fight as you do, for money. We French fight for honor." "True, sir," replied the Swiss, "we both serve for what we have least of." A mortal duel was the consequence.

A young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in London. She was so sweet that the vinegar was kept from fermenting. THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In polities, and on all sectarism questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER POR THE MILLION.

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